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TRAVELLERS AND OUTLAWS

T. W. HIGGINSON

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TRAVELLERS AND OUTLAWS

Episodes in American History

BY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

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TRAVELLERS AND OUTLAWS

OLD SALEM SEA-CAPTAINS

THOSE who may have had occasion, thirty or forty years ago, to visit the custom-houses of the New-England coast, may remember certain typical figures now vanished, — a race of quiet, elderly men, who came and went about their monotonous duties, bearing no trace of stormy and adventurous careers, except a certain slight deference from those around them, and the title of "Captain." The voice that quavered as it slowly read aloud a column of figures had once shouted forth the order to cut away the masts in a hurricane, or to open fire upon a Spanish fort; hands that trembled as they unfolded a manifest had once struck down a Malay pirate with a cutlass, or steered a sinking vessel into an unknown harbor in the Indian

Ocean. These men were the humbler Drakes, the Cavendishes, of their day; they had carried the American flag where it was an unknown ensign; they had voyaged from distant island on to island without chart or light-house; they had made and lost great fortunes, — made them commonly for others, lost them for themselves. At twenty they had been ship-masters; at fifty they were stranded hulks. They were like those other seaside products, those floating and homeless jelly-fishes, which at first are borne wherever ocean wills, and then change into a fixed, clinging creature that rests in some secluded custom-house in a cleft of rock, thenceforth to move no more.

These were the least fortunate but not least heroic type of Salem sea-captains, the men who could say to their children, as Virgil's Æneas says to Iulus, —

> "Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
> Fortunam ex aliis."

There were others who added good fortune to courage and industry; men like Nathaniel

Silsbee, who was for years the associate of Daniel Webster in the Senate of the United States; or like the Crowninshields and Derbys and Grays, who bequeathed large estates to their descendants. These were the conspicuous instances of success: those of financial failure were more frequent. The old sea-captains were more commonly men who, like Dogberry, had had losses, or who, like great inventors, enriched all but themselves. Capt. Richard Cleveland left home at twenty-three with two thousand dollars invested, and, after twice circumnavigating the globe, returned at thirty with what was then regarded as a comfortable fortune, — seventy thousand dollars. This he naturally invested in the voyages of others; they naturally lost it; and after sacrificing, as he estimates, two hundred thousand dollars in all, he brought up in a custom-house at last.

The centre and headquarters of these retired navigators, successful or unsuccessful, was Salem, Mass. The very seal of that now quiet city drew its proud motto, "*Divitis Indiæ usque*

ad ultimum sinum," from their unwearied labors. There is nothing more brilliant in American history than the brief career of maritime adventure which made the name of Salem synonymous with that of America in many a distant port. The period bridged the interval between two wars: the American Revolution laid its foundation; the later war with England saw its last trophies. Its evolution was very simple. When the chief ports of the Colonies were closed, and their commerce ruined, the group of ports around Salem became the headquarters of privateers; and, when the Revolutionary war was over, those vessels, being too large for the coasting-trade, sought a new outlet, and could not find it short of the Pacific and the south-eastern archipelago. By their daring and adventure, those who owned and sailed these vessels became for a time the heroes of the sea; they competed single-handed with the great chartered companies of European nations; they ventured freely between the giant forces of England and France, both ready to swallow them up. Even when finally crushed between

French "decrees" and English "orders in council," they retained vitality enough to lead up to the naval glories of the war of 1812.

Yet long before the Revolution a plan had been vaguely sketched out by which Salem was to obtain something of that share in the India trade which later events brought to her. In an old letter-book containing part of the correspondence that passed in 1669 between Lieut.-Col. John Higginson of Salem, and his brother Nathaniel, graduate of Harvard College, and governor of the English colony of Madras, the home-keeping brother suggests that the ex-governor should make the Massachusetts colony the seat of an Oriental commerce by way of London, and thus enumerates the resources of such a traffic: —

"All sorts of calicoes, aligers, remwalls, muslin, silks for clothing and linings; all sorts of drugs proper for the apothecaries, and all sorts of spice, are vendible with us, and the prices of them alter much according as they were plenty or scarce. In the late war time all East India goods were extremely dear. Muslins of the best sort, plain, striped, and flowered, were sold for £10 per piece,

and some more. Pepper, 3*s*. per pound; nuts [nutmegs], 10*s*. per pound; cloves, 20*s*.; mace, 30*s*.; but now are abated about a quarter part in value. Some of the china ware, toys, and lacquer ware will sell well, but no great quantity. As for ambergris, we often have it from the West Indies, and it is sold for about 3 per ounce. For musk, pearl, and diamond, I believe some of them may sell well, but I understand not their value."

Thus early, it seems, was the taste for Chinese and Japanese goods — germ of future æstheticism — implanted in the American Colonies; but when it comes to pearls and diamonds, the quiet Salem burgher, descendant of three generations of devout clergymen, "understands not their value." Yet he believes that some of them will sell well, even in 1669!

In the early commerce of Salem the whale-fishery took the lead; and this same John Higginson at one time petitioned the General Court (or State Legislature) to recover the value of a whale which was proved to have had a harpoon sticking in it, and bearing his mark, but which had afterward been harpooned and brought in by some one else. Later, the

West India trade flourished, the chief imports being sugar and molasses, and these being very much checked by the arbitrary taxes imposed by the British government. It was on a petition of the Salem collector for a warrant to search after smuggled molasses, that James Otis made his celebrated plea against writs of assistance. These commodities were among the imports; and they were paid for, first and chiefly, by the historic codfish, the fish whose effigy still adorns the Massachusetts Representatives' Hall, and which the old Salem merchant, Benjamin Pickman, also commemorated with carving and gilding on each stair of his mansion in Salem, — a house built in 1740, and still standing. Like the pious Bishop Willegis, who took for his crest the wheel, his early labors on which were regarded as plebeian by his rivals, so Benjamin Pickman exalted the codfish. Other merchants used for the same purpose the symbolical pineapple, which may be found so frequently carved on old stairways and bureaus; and possibly the scallop-shell, which so often appears on colonial furniture or cornices, may

have had a similar association, and suggested "treasures hid in the sands."

But it took the great stress of the Revolutionary war to evolve the old Salem sea-captain. During that war it is hard to tell how the intercourse between Europe and the Colonies would have been kept up, with Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, and Savannah successively in the hands of the enemy, but for the merchants and mariners of Salem, Beverly, and Marblehead. Salem alone sent out one hundred and fifty-eight armed vessels, carrying in all more than two thousand guns, each vessel having twelve or fourteen. They took four hundred and forty-five prizes, fifty-four out of their own fleet being lost. The loss of the vessels was to be expected; but the loss from history of all detailed memorial of these daring men is more serious. What is fame that preserves of all that period only the madcap daring of Paul Jones, and forgets the solid heroism of Jonathan Haraden?

Jonathan Haraden was born in Gloucester,

but was taken early to Salem in the employ of Richard Cabot, father of the celebrated president of the Hartford Convention. He first went to sea as lieutenant, then as captain, of a fourteen-gun sloop built for the State of Massachusetts, and bearing a name that would have delighted Wendell Phillips, — the "Tyrannicide." In her he helped capture a British naval vessel that was carried in triumph into Salem Harbor. Afterward Haraden was put in command of the "General Pickering," a Salem privateer of a hundred and eighty tons, carrying fourteen six-pounders, and a crew of forty-five men and boys. He sailed in 1780 with a cargo of sugar for Bilboa, then a resort for American privateers and prize vessels. On his passage he had a two-hours' fight with a British cutter of twenty guns, and beat her off, but on entering the Bay of Biscay found opportunity for an exploit more daring. Running by night alongside a British privateer carrying twenty-two guns and sixty men, he ordered her, through his trumpet, to "surrender to an American frigate, or be sunk." The astonished English-

man yielded, and came on board to find himself outgeneralled. A prize crew was put on the captured vessel, and both made sail for Bilboa, when they were met by a king's ship, which, as the defeated captain told Haraden with delight, was the "Achilles," another English privateer, with forty-two guns and a hundred and forty men. "I sha'n't run from her," said Haraden coolly. At once the scene changed; the big Englishman recaptured the little one, then lay alongside Haraden's ship all night to fight her next day. Haraden took a sound night's sleep, and recruited a boatswain and eight sailors from his prisoners in the morning, when they went to work.

The American ship seemed, said an eye-witness, like a long-boat beside a man-of-war; many of the Englishman's shot went over her opponent, while she herself was always hit below the water-line — this modern Achilles, like the ancient, proving vulnerable in the heel. A final broadside of crow-bars from Haraden had great effect, and "Achilles" fled. The "Pickering" gave chase, and Haraden offered

a large reward to his gunner if he would carry away a spar; but no such luck occurred, and the Englishman got off. Haraden recaptured his first prize, which had thus changed hands thrice in twenty-four hours, and went into port with her. The battle had lasted three hours, being fought so near the Spanish coast that a hundred thousand spectators, it was said, lined the shores; and it was also said, that, before the "Pickering" and her prize had been half an hour at anchor, one could have walked a mile over the water by stepping from boat to boat; and when the captain landed he was borne in triumph through the city on men's shoulders. This is but a sample of this bold sailor's adventures. On another occasion still, in the "Pickering," he fell in with three armed Englishmen in company, carrying respectively twelve, fourteen, and sixteen guns; and he captured each in succession with his vessel, he carrying just as many guns as the largest of the enemy.

Haraden alone took more than a thousand guns from the British during the war. The

Salem ships intercepted the vessels which carried supplies from England or Nova Scotia to the garrisons in New York and Boston; they cruised in the Bay of Biscay, and in the English and Irish Channels; they raised the insurance on British ships to twenty-three per cent, and obliged a large naval force to be constantly employed in convoying merchantmen; they, moreover, brought munitions of war from the French islands. Some sailed as privateers pure and simple; others under "letters-of-marque," in voyages whose privateering was incidental, but where the dangers incurred were much the same. Joseph Peabody, for instance, sailed from Salem, in the winter of 1781, as second mate of the letter-of-marque "Ranger," Capt. Simmons, carrying seven guns. They took a cargo of salt, sold it at Richmond, Va., and at Alexandria loaded with flour for Havana. Part of the cargo, being from General Washington's plantation, was received at Havana at the marked weight: all was sold, and the "Ranger" returned to Alexandria for another freight. Anchoring at the mouth

of the Potomac, because of head-winds, the officers turned in, but were roused before midnight by the watch, with news that large boats were coming toward the ship from different directions. Simmons and Peabody rushed to the deck, the latter in his night-clothes. As they reached it, a volley of musketry met them, and the captain fell wounded. Peabody ran forward, shouting for the crew to seize the boarding-pikes, and he himself attacked some men who were climbing on board. Meantime another strange boat opened fire from another quarter. All was confusion. They knew not who were their assailants, or whence; the captain lay helpless, the first officer was serving out ammunition, and Peabody, still conspicuous in his white raiment, had command of the deck. Two boats were already grappled to the "Ranger:" he ordered cold shot to be dropped into them, and frightened one crew so that it cast off; then he ordered his men against the other boat, shouting, "We have sunk one, boys; now let us sink the other!" His men cheered; and presently both boats dropped

astern, leaving one of the "Ranger's" crew dead and three wounded. Peabody himself was hurt in three places, not counting the loss of his club of hair, worn in the fashion of those days, which had been shot clean off, and was found on deck the next morning. The enemy proved to be a guerrilla band of Tories, whose rendezvous was at St. George's Island, near where the "Ranger" lay at anchor. There had been sixty men in their boats, while the crew of the "Ranger" numbered twenty; and the same guerrillas had lately captured a brig of seven guns and thirty men by the same tactics which the promptness of Peabody had foiled.

On such tales as these was the youth of Salem nourished during the bitter period of the American Revolution. That once over, the same bold spirits sought wider adventure. Joseph Peabody himself lived to own, first and last, eighty-three ships, which he freighted himself; he shipped seven thousand seamen, and promoted forty-five men to be captains who had first shipped with him as boys. Other

merchants, of whom Elias Hasket Derby was the chief, were constantly projecting distant voyages, and taking pains to bring forward enterprising young men, who were given ventures of their own as captain or supercargo. These were often the sons of the ship-owners, and, aided by the excellent public schools of Salem, became officers at an age that seems surprisingly early. Nathaniel Silsbee, the eldest son of a sea-captain, went to sea as captain's clerk at fourteen; his brother William did the same at fifteen, and his brother Zachariah at sixteen. The eldest brother was in command of a vessel before he was nineteen, and the two others before they were twenty. All three retired from the sea when under twenty-nine. Capt. Nathaniel Silsbee sailed one East-India voyage of nineteen months, at the beginning of which neither he nor his first mate (Charles Derby) nor his second mate (Richard Cleveland) was twenty years old. My own grandfather, Stephen Higginson, — afterward member of the Continental Congress, — commanded one of his father's ships at twenty-one. His double-

first cousin, George Cabot, — afterward the first Secretary of the Navy, and the president of the Hartford Convention, — left Harvard College, and went to sea at sixteen as cabin-boy under his brother-in-law, Joseph Lee; the traditional opinion expressed in the family being, that "Cap'n Joe would put George Cabot's nose to the grindstone," which was doubtless done. At twenty he was himself a captain. In the slower development of the present day, there is something amusing in this carnival of youth.

While still too young to vote, these boys were deemed old enough to open new channels of trade, penetrate unknown seas, and risk collision with the great naval nations of Europe. They had to make their own charts; as, for instance, of the coast of Sumatra, where Capt. Jonathan Carnes of Salem first discovered that pepper grew wild, and then made his way thither on a secret voyage. The private charts of this difficult coast, prepared on "pepper voyages" by Capt. Charles M. Endicott and Capt. James D. Gillis, were recognized and

used by the United-States Navy as a sufficient guide; and when Commodore Wilkes went on his famous exploring expedition, he took with him a Salem sea-captain as pilot, Capt. Benjamin Vanderford. But in the earlier voyages there were still greater difficulties than these. Ships were then rarely coppered; mathematical instruments were imperfect; and the rig of vessels was such as is now almost vanished from the seas, — as, for instance, that of the old-fashioned cutter, in which the jib was reefed by sliding the whole bowsprit inboard. Bowditch — himself a Salem sea-captain — had not yet prepared his "Practical Navigator;" but the favorite encyclopædia among East-India traders was Guthrie's "Geographical Grammar," — a quaint old book, which I remember in my grandfather's library, and which contained the vaguest descriptions of all the remoter countries of the earth.

There exists an impression, not wholly unfounded, that these ship-masters derived some advantage from the fact that, sailing in American vessels, they at least had American

crews. This was true, no doubt, when they first left home; but as the voyages lasted for a year or two, and often involved trans-shipment, or even the sale and purchase of vessels in foreign ports, the more difficult part of the trip was usually made without this advantage. From the manuscripts of a typical Salem sea-captain — Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, for which I am indebted to his son, H. W. S. Cleveland of Minneapolis — it is easy to show with what kind of material these men had to deal. Writing of a voyage from Havre to the Isle of France in 1798, he says, —

"It was not till the last hour that I was in Havre (even while the visiting officers were on board) that I finally shipped my crew. Fortunately they were all so much in debt as not to want any time to spend their advance, but were ready at the instant; and with this motley crew (who, for aught I knew, were robbers or pirates), I put to sea. That you may form some idea of the fatigue and trouble I have had, I will attempt to describe them to you.

"At the head of the list is my mate, a Nantucket lad, whom I persuaded the captain of a ship to discharge from before the mast, and who knew little or nothing of

navigation, but is now capable of conducting the vessel in case of accident to me. The first of my foremast hands is a great surly, crabbed, rawboned, ignorant Prussian, who is so timid aloft that the mate has frequently been obliged to do his duty there. I believe him to be more of a soldier than a sailor, though he has often assured me that he has been boatswain's mate of a Dutch Indiaman, which I do not believe, as he hardly knows how to put two ends of a rope together. He speaks enough English to be tolerably understood. The next in point of consequence is my cook, — a good-natured negro and a tolerable cook, so unused to a vessel that in the smoothest weather he cannot walk fore and aft without holding on to something with both hands. This fear proceeds from the fact that he is so tall and slim, that, if he should get a cant, it might be fatal to him. I did not think America could furnish such a specimen of the negro race (he is a native of Savannah), nor did I ever see such a perfect simpleton. It is impossible to teach him any thing; and notwithstanding the frequency with which we have been obliged to take in and make sail on this long voyage, he can hardly tell the main halyards from the main-stay. He one day took it into his head to learn the compass; and not being permitted to come on the quarter-deck to learn by the one in the binnacle, he took off the cover of the till of his chest, and with his knife cut out something that looked like a cart-wheel, and wanted me to let him nail it on the deck

to steer by, insisting that he could 'teer by him better'n tudder one.'

"Next is an English boy of seventeen years old, who, from having lately had the small-pox, is feeble and almost blind, — a miserable object, but pity for his misfortunes induces me to make his duty as easy as possible. Finally, I have a little ugly French boy, the very image of a baboon, who, from having served for some time on different privateers, has all the tricks of a veteran man-of-war's man, though only thirteen years old, and, by having been in an English prison, has learned enough of the language to be a proficient in swearing. To hear all these fellows quarrelling (which from not understanding each other they are very apt to do), serves to give one a realizing conception of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. Nobody need envy me my four months' experience with such a set, though they are now far better than when I first took them."

The skill and tact shown by the commanders in handling these motley crews are well illustrated by this extract from the manuscripts of another typical Salem sea-captain, Nathaniel Silsbee. The scene is on board a ship bought by himself at the Isle of France, and on the homeward trip to Salem in 1795. The whole crew, except himself and his younger brother,

— both being then under the age of twenty-three, — had been shipped at the Isle of France, and was made up "of all the nations of the earth." The greater part of the voyage having been made in safety, he found himself in this critical position: —

"A short time before our arrival at Boston, we were for two days in company with, and but a few miles from, a schooner which we suspected to be a privateer watching for a favorable opportunity to attack us. Having on board the ship six guns and twenty-five men, I was determined to resist, as far as practicable, the attack of any small vessel. On the afternoon of the second day that this vessel had been dogging us, she bore down upon us, with an apparent intention of executing what we had supposed to be her purpose, and which we were, as I had imagined, prepared to meet; but on calling our crew to the quarters which had previously been assigned to them, I was informed by one of my officers that there were four or five of the seamen who were unwilling thus to expose themselves, alleging that they had neither engaged nor expected to 'fight.' On hearing this, all hands being on deck, I ordered every passage-way which led below deck, excepting that leading to the cabin, to be securely fastened, then calling to me such of the crew as *had not engaged to fight*, I immediately sent them up

the shrouds to repair the ratlines, and to perform other duties which they *had engaged to do*, in the most exposed parts of the ship.

"Finding themselves thus exposed to greater danger than their shipmates, they requested, before the schooner had come within gun-shot of us, to be recalled from their then situation, and allowed to participate in the defence of the ship, which request was granted. All our six guns were placed on one side of the ship, and we succeeded, by a simultaneous discharge of the whole of them, as soon as the schooner had approached within the reach of their contents, in causing her to haul off and hasten from us; but whether this was caused by an unexpected resistance on our part, or by any damage caused by that resistance, we could not ascertain. I felt quite as willing to be rid of her, however, as any one of her crew could have been to be rid of us."

But it was not so much in dealing with their own men that the qualities of manhood were tested in these sea-captains as in encountering the insolence of foreign officials, and the attempts of warring nations to crush out these daring invaders. There was as yet no powerful nationality to appeal to, no naval squadron at their back. No other ship within five hundred

miles, perhaps, carried the United-States flag. They must rely, in order to be respected, on their own address and courage alone. When Capt. Nathaniel Silsbee, on his way to India in the ship "Portland," in 1798, put in at Cadiz, he heard for the first time of the "decrees" of the French government making liable to condemnation any vessel, of whatever nation, having on board any article grown or manufactured in Great Britain or any of its colonies. This greatly enhanced all prices in Mediterranean ports, as well as the risk of capture; and Silsbee at once sold half his cargo, to be delivered, at the risk of the purchaser, at Leghorn or Genoa. He then laid his plans to deliver it, put on shore some English coal he had, and all his English books; erased the name of the English maker from his nautical instruments; and cautioned the crew, if questioned, "to say, what was the truth," that they were not taken on board until after the cargo was put in, and therefore did not know whence it came. He was captured by a French privateer off Malaga, and was carried

before the French consul in that city. The consul, before whom the Spanish authorities were utterly prostrate, asked him a dozen questions, and demanded an answer "in five words." Silsbee replied that this was impossible, and called for an immediate and thorough investigation, which, he said, would not take long, and would undoubtedly clear him. The consul said that there were a number of prizes in harbor, and that his case probably would not come on for two months. Silsbee informed him that this was the extreme of injustice, and that he should not leave the consular office, except by force, until his case had been settled. He accordingly sat in his chair, without sleep or food, for more than twenty-four hours, after which the consul, either admiring his pluck or exhausted by his obstinacy, gave him, rather to his astonishment, a free discharge. He learned afterward that the consul, when asked, "Why did you discharge the Yankee so quickly?" had answered, "I found that I must either dismiss him or bury him, and I preferred the former."

The mere accident of keeping a diary is often

a preservative of fame; and the best type of these adventurous Salem sailors will always be Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, who was just now mentioned. The first instalment of his own reminiscences was given in the *North American Review* for October, 1827; and his "Voyages and Commercial Enterprises" were first published collectively in 1842, and afterward reprinted in 1850. There lies before me a further collection of manuscript extracts from his diaries and letters, and the same Defoe-like quality runs through them all. He was my father's own cousin, and I remember him well in my childhood, when he had reached the haven of the custom-house, after occupying for a time the temporary retreat, for which every sailor sighs, of a small farm in the country. He was then a serene old man, with a round apple-shaped head, a complexion indelibly sunburnt, and a freshness of look which bore testimony to the abstemiousness of his life; for he asserts that he never had tasted spirituous liquors, or, indeed, any thing stronger than tea and coffee, nor had he ever used tobacco. In his mouth a single

clove-pink was forever carried. I remember him as habitually silent, yielding admiringly to the superior colloquial powers of a very lively wife, yet easily lured into the most delightful yarns when she happened to be absent. Then he became our Ulysses and our Robinson Crusoe in one. The whole globe had been his home. It could be said of him, as Thoreau says of the sailor brother in a country farmhouse, that he knew only how far it was to the nearest port, no more distances, all the rest being only seas and distant capes. He had grown to be a perfect, practical philosopher; Epictetus or Seneca could have taught him no further lessons as to acquiescence in the inevitable; and yet there was an unquenched fire in his quiet eyes that showed him still to have the qualities of his youth. It was easy to fancy him issuing from his sheltered nook to

> "point the guns upon the chase,
> Or bid the deadly cutlass shine,"

like his namesake, that other Captain Cleveland in Scott's "Pirate," which we were just then reading.

One of Cleveland's best feats was the performance of a voyage, then unexampled, from Macao to the north-west coast of America and back, for the purchase of furs, — a voyage made the more remarkable by the fact that it was achieved in a cutter-sloop of fifty tons, with a crew of the worst description, without any printed chart of the coast, and in the teeth of the monsoon. It was essential to his success to reach his destination before the arrival of certain ships that had been despatched from Boston round Cape Horn; and his plan was to procure a vessel small enough to keep near the coast of Asia, taking advantage of all favorable currents, and making a port, though an unknown one, every night. In his letters to his father he frankly says that his plan is pronounced impracticable by all experienced shipmasters at the port; "but since nobody has ever tried it, how can it be asserted to be impracticable?" They all predicted that he might sail a month without making any progress, and would then return, if at all, with sails and rigging torn to pieces. "I was," he coolly says, "not

pleased with such gloomy prospects; but concluded that if I was to meet ruin, it might as well be by being torn to pieces on the China coast as to arrive on the coast of America after the object of my voyage had been secured by other vessels." So he sailed Jan. 30, 1799, with twenty-five on board, — two Americans, the rest Irish, Swedes, French, and chiefly English, the last mostly deserters from men-of-war and Botany-Bay ships, — "a list of as accomplished villains as ever disgraced a country." The work was so hard that the precious crew soon mutinied, and refused one morning to weigh anchor. In preparation for this, he had stored all provisions near the cabin, and he coolly informed them that they could not eat until they worked; and so mounted guard for twenty-four hours, with two or three men, including the black cook. His muskets were flintlocks, and revolvers were not yet introduced; but he had two four-pound cannon loaded with grape. It then occurred to him, that, if he offered to set them on shore, they would soon have enough of it. They caught at

the proposal; but the Chinese would not keep or feed them on land, nor the captain take them on board next day; pointing a cannon, be bade them keep off. He then went to the shore in an armed boat, and offered to take them on board one by one. Several came eagerly; but when it turned out that the boatswain and one other ringleader were not to be taken back on any terms, these two desperadoes presented their knives at the breasts of the others, and swore that they should not stir. Some yielded; others were sullenly indifferent; one lay intoxicated on the beach. It was like one of the mutineering scenes in Stevenson's "Treasure Island." At last all but six were brought on board, and thenceforth behaved well, having probably coincided by this time with their young captain, who quietly writes to his father, "No grosser miscalculation of character was ever made than by these men in supposing that they could accomplish their object by threats or intimidations."

They kept on their formidable voyage, often finding themselves, after a toilsome day, set

back leagues on their way; grazing on rocks, caught in whirlpools, threatened by pirates. The diminished crew proved an advantage, as they had to be put on allowance of provisions at any rate. In thirty days they sighted the north end of Formosa, and had performed that part of the trip deemed impracticable; then they crossed the North Pacific amid constant storms, and anchored in Norfolk Sound on March 30, 1799, after a voyage of two months, and in advance of almost all competing vessels. Even those which had arrived from Boston were at disadvantage, being much larger, and unable to penetrate the innumerable bays and inlets on the north-west coast. Putting up a screen of hides round the deck, and never letting more than one native on board at once, Cleveland concealed the smallness of his crew, and eluded attack, though the Indian canoes were often larger than his little vessel. On one occasion his cutter ran on a rock, and lay there twenty-four hours, at such an angle that no one could stand on deck, the Indians fortunately not discovering his plight. At last the vessel

floated with returning tide; and after two months' traffic they reached China, Sept. 15, by way of the Sandwich Islands, laden with a cargo worth sixty thousand dollars, the sea-otter skins that had been bought at the rate of eight for a musket selling for thirty-six dollars apiece. His deserters had reached Wampoa before him, and all Cleveland's friends had believed their assertion that he was dead.

The youthfulness of these men gave a flavor of impulse and adventure to the soberest mercantile enterprises. They made up their plans for some voyage round the globe, as blithely as if it were a yachting-trip. It seemed like commerce on a lark, and yet there was always a keen eye to business. Cleveland and his friend Shaler, — whose "Sketches of Algiers" has still a place in the literature of travel, — having come together from the Isle of France to Copenhagen, formed the project of a voyage round Cape Horn. They bought at Hamburg an American brig of one hundred and seventy-five tons, the "Lelia Byrd," tossed up a coin to decide which should go as captain and which

as supercargo, invited a delightful young Polish nobleman, the Count de Rouissillon, to accompany them, and sailed Nov. 8, 1801, for a two-years' voyage, the oldest of the three not being yet thirty years old. In these days, when every little remote port of the globe has been visited and described in full, its manners sketched, its channels laid down in a chart, and its commercial resources fully known, it is impossible to appreciate the uncertain and vague delights of such an expedition. Every entry into a new harbor might imply a fortune or a prison; for Spain had not yet lost its control of the regions they were to visit, but claimed the right to monopolize the commerce of all. For each port there was some pompous official to be managed or bribed; and in general, where any injustice had been done to them, the pluck and ready wit of the young Americans carried the day. More than once, after having been actually imprisoned, and ordered out of the port, they quietly refused to weigh anchor until their wrongs had been redressed and an apology made. On one occasion, after going

on shore with a boat's crew to rescue some of their own men who had been improperly detained, they carried off the Spanish guard also; and then sailed within musket-shot of a fort garrisoned by a hundred men, compelling their prisoners to stand conspicuously by the bulwarks, in order to ward off the fire from the battery. Nevertheless, they were under fire for half an hour. One shot struck them just above the water-line, and several cut the sails and rigging. The Spaniards had eight nine-pound guns, the Americans had only three-pounders; but when the latter got within range, the Spanish soldiers fled, and in ten minutes the fight was done. This was at San Diego, Cal., and we have the testimony of Mr. Richard H. Dana that it was still vividly remembered upon that coast thirty years later. When the "Lelia Byrd" was safe, the prisoners were set on shore; and the Americans had soon after a several-days' visit from the "jolly padres," as Cleveland calls them, of the old Spanish missions, who took uproarious satisfaction in the whole affair, and agreed that the Spanish

commandant, Don Manuel Rodriguez, ought to be sent back to the mother country as a poltroon.

The pioneer Salem vessel in the Eastern trade was apparently the "Grand Turk," a ship of three hundred tons, built for a privateer by Elias Hasket Derby. She carried twenty-two guns, and took many prizes. The war being over, she was sent by her owner on the first American voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in 1781, the cargo consisting largely of rum. The voyage proved profitable; and Capt. Jonathan Ingersoll, her commander, bought in the West Indies, on his return, enough of Grenada rum to load two vessels, sent home the "Grand Turk," and came himself in the "Atlantic." On the way he rescued the captain and mate of an English schooner, the "Amity," whose crew had mutinied and set them adrift in a boat. By one of those singular coincidences of which maritime life then seemed to yield so many, this very schooner was afterward recaptured in Salem Harbor in this way: After their arrival, the captain of the "Amity"

was sitting with Mr. Derby in his counting-room, and presently saw through the spyglass his own vessel in the offing. Mr. Derby, popularly known in those days as "King Derby," put two pieces of ordnance on board one of his brigs, and gave the English captain the unlooked-for pleasure of recapturing the "Amity," to the great astonishment of the mutineers.

This was not the only pioneer expedition of the "Grand Turk," which also made, in 1785-86, the first direct voyage from New England to the Isle of France and China. There exists a picture of this celebrated vessel, on a punch-bowl made for Mr. Derby in China, and still preserved in the collections of the East-India Marine Society at Salem, side by side with what may be called the official punch-bowl of the society itself, bearing the date of 1800, and adorned with a graphic design representing the ship-building of that period. Another similar design may be found on the quaint certificates of membership of the same society, dated in 1796; and many memorials of

the maritime life of those days are preserved by this honored association itself and by the Essex Institute. For more than half a century the merchants and shipmasters of Salem vied with each other in bringing home Oriental curiosities for this museum, — weapons, costumes, musical instruments, carriages, models of ships, culminating in a great wooden idol that once stood alone in a desert on the Sandwich Islands. This unique collection is now, through the wide munificence of George Peabody, secured for all future generations.

Another ship of King Derby's, the "Astræa," was the first to make the direct voyage to Canton, in 1789; and his ship the "Atlantic" first displayed the American flag at Bombay and Calcutta in 1788, and the brig "Sally" first did the same at Batavia in 1796. A Salem captain, James Devereux, on a Boston vessel, first visited Japan in 1799; and the Salem ship "Margaret" went there two years later, half a century before the country was freely opened to commerce by Commodore Perry. The schooner "Rajah," from Salem, first reached

Sumatra in 1793. The "Astræa" from Salem entered the port of Manila in 1796; and there exists a manuscript log-book of her voyage, by Nathaniel Bowditch, the mathematician, who was on board. The stars and stripes were first floated at Mocha by Capt. Joseph Ropes, of the ship "Recovery," in 1798. The authorities of the place could not be made to understand whence she came, or how many moons she had been sailing; but they readily took their share, perhaps, of the fifty thousand dollars which he carried with him in specie to invest in coffee. The trade with the Feejee Islands, Madagascar, and Zanzibar, was opened later; and that with Surinam, Cayenne, and other South-American ports, was carried on during all this period. With Senegal and the West Coast of Africa, the Salem trade began in 1789; the two schooners "Sally" and "Polly" — seductive creatures — first teaching the poor Africans the taste of rum. It must be remembered that the exportation of cotton had not then begun; it was even imported in small quantities from the West Indies and Demerara; and the cargoes

brought from the East Indies were at first chiefly paid for in furs from the North-west Coast and in Spanish dollars.

Mr. Derby alone, according to Osgood and Batchelder's "Historical Sketches of Salem," caused one hundred and twenty-five voyages to be made in fourteen years (1785–99) by thirty-seven different vessels, forty-five of these voyages being to the East Indies or China. He rarely bought or sold on credit, and there were then no banks, so that, while his large ships were on their Oriental voyages, his smaller ones were sent to Gottenburg and St. Petersburg for iron, duck, and hemp; to France, Spain, and Madeira, for wine and lead; to the West Indies, for spirits; and to New York, Philadelphia, and Richmond, for flour, provisions, iron, and tobacco. Accumulating for himself the largest fortune left in this country during the last century, — a million dollars, — he obtained also the more important memorial of gratitude and affection from the young men whom he trained and encouraged. To him primarily the nation also owed the building of the frigate "Essex," the

pride of the earlier navy. When, in 1798, we were apparently about to engage in a war with France, and had no naval force, Congress authorized President Adams to accept such vessels as private citizens might build, paying for them in a six per cent stock. Salem responded at once; a subscription was opened by Mr. Derby with ten thousand dollars, followed by William Gray with the same sum; others put down smaller amounts, some in money, some in work, till seventy-five thousand dollars were raised, and the frigate "Essex" was built. Among her contractors was the veteran Capt. Haraden, who supplied a part of the cordage; her large cables being borne in procession to the ship, attended by martial music. She was launched Sept. 30, 1799, carried thirty-two guns, and proved the fastest ship in the navy, as well as one of the cheapest. Capt. Edward Preble was her first actual commander, and Farragut served as a midshipman on board. She was credited with taking two millions of dollars in prizes from the enemy during the subsequent war with England, in

which she was captured at last; while the stock in which she was paid for fell to fifty cents on the dollar before the war was over, with but few purchasers. In other words, half her value was practically given to the government by the citizens of Salem.

It will be remembered that the prime cause of the war of 1812 against England was the assumed right on the part of English naval officers to search American vessels for seamen. In how zealous a manner this right was exercised, is well shown in the following extract from the manuscript recollections of Nathaniel Silsbee. The narrative makes it also clear with what zeal the Salem men, who had heard the tale of Edward Hulen, must have shipped on board the Salem privateers when it came to open war. The events here described took place in 1796:—

"In the course of the few days that I remained at Madras, one of those occurrences took place which more than any and all others led to the late war between the United States and Great Britain. I received a note early one morning from my chief mate, apprising me that one

of my sailors (Edward Hulen, a fellow-townsman whom I had known from boyhood) had been impressed and taken on board of a British frigate then lying in port. On receiving this intelligence I immediately went on board my ship, and, having there learnt all the facts in the case, proceeded to the frigate, where I found Hulen, and in his presence was informed by the first lieutenant of the frigate that he had taken Hulen from my ship under a peremptory order from his commander 'to visit every American ship in port, and to take from each of them one or more of their seamen.' With that information I returned to the shore, and called upon Capt. Cook, who commanded the frigate, and sought, first by all the persuasive means that I was capable of using, and ultimately by threats to appeal to the government of the place, to obtain Hulen's release, but in vain. I then, with the aid of the senior partner of one of the first commercial houses of the place, sought the interference and assistance of the civil authorities of the port, but without success, it being a case in which they said they could not interfere.

"In the course of the day I went again to the frigate, and, in the presence of the lieutenant, tendered to Hulen the amount of his wages, of which he requested me to give him only ten dollars, and to take the residue to his mother in Salem; on hearing which the lieutenant expressed his perfect conviction that Hulen was an American citizen, accompanied by a strong assurance,

that, if it was in *his* power to release him, he should not suffer another moment's detention, adding at the same time, that he doubted if this or any other circumstance would induce Capt. Cook to permit his return to my ship. It remained for me only to recommend Hulen to that protection of the lieutenant which a good seaman deserves, and to submit to the high-handed insult thus offered to the flag of my country, which I had no means of either preventing or resisting beyond the expression of my opinion of it to the said Capt. Cook, which took place in the presence of other British officers, and in terms dictated by the then excited state of my feelings. After several years' detention in the British navy, and after the peace of Amiens, Hulen returned to Salem, and lived to perform services on board privateers owned in Salem, in the late war between this country and England."

Of the two hundred and fifty privateers sent out during the war of 1812, Salem furnished forty, Baltimore and New York alone exceeding her. The Salem fleet carried in all a hundred and eighty-nine cannon. Of these the schooner "Fame," a mere fishing-boat of thirty tons, with two guns and thirty men, received her commission at noon, sailed in the afternoon, and sent the first prize into Salem. The sec-

ond prize was sent in by the "Jefferson," a boat of only fourteen tons, carrying one gun and twenty men. The "America," belonging to George Crowninshield and Sons, was claimed to be the swiftest vessel afloat during the war, — a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, carrying twenty guns and a hundred and fifty men, and capturing twenty-six prizes with more than a million dollars. She was commanded successively by Capt. Joseph Ropes and Capt. Benjamin Chever, jun. With this war the palmy days of Salem seafaring substantially closed, although this narrative might well be expanded to take in the description of "Cleopatra's Barge," a pleasure-yacht of a hundred and ninety-seven tons, built in 1816 by George Crowninshield, and once sent by him to St. Helena, with several ladies of the Bonaparte family on board, in the abortive design of rescuing the Emperor Napoleon. She was the first American yacht to cross the Atlantic; and it is a curious illustration of the Salem nautical training, that the black cook on this yacht, who had sailed under Bowditch, was found as

capable of keeping a ship's reckoning as any of the officers.

A type of character so strong as that of the old Salem sea-captains could not well pass away in America without making its final mark on the politics as well as the business of the nation. In the fierce strife between Federalists and Democrats, these men not only took the Federalist side as a body, but it was for a time recognized as incarnated in them. A few of them, indeed, were followers of Jefferson; and it is an interesting fact, that Capt. Richard Cleveland himself, writing to his father from off the Cape of Good Hope, early in 1798, thus indicated the very point of view that led within a few years to the famous embargo for which the New-England ship-owners reproached Jefferson so bitterly: "You may perhaps laugh at me," he said, "and call it Quixotism; but I believe, if we would keep our ships at home, and entirely withhold our supplies, we could be more than a match for these two noisy powers united [England and France]. I see no reason why we can't live for a time without foreign

commerce." Again, Nathaniel Silsbee, when first chosen to Congress, was nominated against Timothy Pickering as a Democrat (or, as it was then called, Republican), yet he records in his autobiography, that he was opposed in this respect to nearly all his circle of friends; and it is well understood that "Billy" Gray, who was, after Derby, the most important of the Salem merchants, left that town in 1809 to reside in Boston, because of his unpopularity with the Federalists as a supporter of the embargo. Two of the Crowninshield brothers were Secretaries of the Navy under Jefferson and Madison. These were the exceptions that proved the rule. Salem was Federalist, and the headquarters of Federalism was Salem. The strength of that strong and concentrated party was in the merchants of Essex County, almost all of whom had been shipmasters in their youth. This fact is forever established by the very phrase, "Essex Junto." Timothy Pickering says that the first time he heard this phrase was from President John Adams, in 1797, and that the three men whom he named

as constituting the clique were George Cabot, Stephen Higginson, and Theophilus Parsons, — in other words, two ex-sea-captains, and the chief maritime lawyer of his time. The habit of the quarter-deck went all through the Federalist party of Massachusetts: the slaveholders themselves did not more firmly believe that they constituted the nation. To the "Essex Junto," Jefferson himself seemed but a mutineering first mate, and his "rights of man" but the black flag of a rebellious crew. They paid the penalty of their own autocratic habit: they lived to see their cause lost; but they went down with their flags flying, having had the satisfaction, — if satisfaction it was, — to see most of their cargo of political principles transferred bodily to the hold of their victor.

A REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSMAN ON HORSEBACK

THE Honorable William Ellery mounted his horse at Dighton, Mass., on the 20th of October, 1777, proposing to ride nearly five hundred miles to York, Penn., where he was to resume his duties as a member of the Continental Congress. He had gone home in July to attend to his private affairs; and during his absence the Congress, which then sat continuously, had been driven from Philadelphia by the approach of the British; and it was now at York, where it remained until the following year.

William Ellery was now a man of nearly fifty years of age, having been born Dec. 22, 1727. He had been chosen to Congress in May, 1776; had signed the great Declaration; and had, as he records, stood long by the secretary's desk to watch the bearing of his

fellow-signers. In return for this patriotic service, the British troops had hastened to burn his house at Newport, on their taking possession of Rhode Island, so that his family were now residing at Dighton, Mass. It was from this village, therefore, that he and his son-in-law — the Hon. Francis Dana of Massachusetts — were to ride together to the Congress, of which both were members. Mr. Dana was the father, ten years later, of Richard Henry Dana, the poet, lately deceased, whose long career thus nearly linked the present moment with that autumnal morning when his father and grandfather mounted their horses for their journey.

It was an important time in the history of the Revolution. The first flying rumors of Burgoyne's surrender were arriving; but an interest more absorbing must have been attached, in Mr. Ellery's mind, to an expedition just organized by Gen. Spencer to drive the British from Rhode Island. The attempt was carried so far that the Continental troops were actually embarked in boats at Tiverton, when

news came that the British were already warned, and the surprise had failed. The expedition was at once abandoned, much to the dissatisfaction of Congress; but all this was not foreseen by Mr. Ellery, who, as we shall see, was anxiously listening for the sound of cannon, and hoping for a military triumph that should almost eclipse that already won over Burgoyne.

We can fancy the two worthy gentlemen, booted and spurred, wearing the full-skirted coat, the long waistcoat, and the small-clothes of the period; and bestriding their stout horses, after due inspection of girths and saddle-bags. With Mr. Dana's man-servant riding soberly behind them, they "sat out," as the diary always phrases it, on their month's journey. They were to meet the accustomed perils by field and flood; to be detained for days by storms; to test severely the larders of their hosts; to be sometimes driven from their beds by cold and wet, or from the very house through exhaustion of fire-wood, — all this in time of war, moreover, near the hostile lines,

and in the occasional society of stragglers from either army. Such travelling was a good school for courage, endurance, and patience; it brought public men into singularly close contact with their constituents; and afforded, on the whole, a manly and invigorating experience, though one that was often comfortless to the last degree. It, moreover, gave perpetual opening for unexpected acquaintance and odd adventure, — opportunities never wasted upon a born humorist like William Ellery. He journeyed, we may be sure, with his eyes wide open; and by no means sheltered himself behind the immunities, if such there were, of a Congressman and a "signer." Indeed, he says of himself, when he had, on one occasion, to seek some special privilege of travel: —

> "Had I announced myself a member of Congress, who would have believed me? — for, setting aside my spectacles, there is, I am sure, no dignity in my person or appearance."

This modest self-depreciation is by no means justified by Mr. Ellery's portrait; but it at

least enhances the symbolic value of his spectacles, and the appropriateness of their preservation among the relics now to be seen at Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

The first and most elaborate of the travelling diaries opens as follows: —

"Sat out from Dighton in Mass. Bay, in Company with the Honble Francis Dana Esq. Oct. 20th 1777 at half past One, arrived at my good old Friend's Abraham Redwood Esq. in North Providence in the Evening; and was detained there (21st) the next Day by a Storm.

"*22d.* — Rode to Judge Greene's (Warwick) to dine, and reached Judge Potter's, So. Kingston, in ye Evening.

"*23d.* — Last night it was said Cannon were heard towards Newport. Drank Tea with Mr. Champlin whose wife was ill of a Sore Throat.

"*24th.* — The Weather was lowering and that and the Prospect of hearing something of the Newport Expedition detained us at Judge Potter's. This Day had a Confirmation of the glorious News of the Surrendry of the Col of the Queen's Light Dragoons with his whole army. Learn hence proud Mortals the ignominious end of the vain boaster. Gave a Spur to Spencer by letter.

"*25th.* — The Weather still lowering and wet, abode at Judge Potter's. Saw the New London Paper which certified the News of Burgoyne's Surrendry. Not a word of the Newport Expedition.

"*26th.* — Still dark and lowering. The Weather unfit for journeying. Good Quarters in a Storm takes off its force and renders it less disagreeable. Remained still at Judge Potter's.

"*27th.* — The Storm brews, the Wind increasing, and the Rain ——

"*28th.* — The Storm tremendous. F. D. in the Course of the last Six Days hath devoured Six Quarts of Apples and Milk.

"*29th.* — Storm abated, but the Weather still foul and unfit for traveling — more apples and milk.

"*30th.* — Fair Weather. We sat off. — Judge Potter accompanied us to Mr. Marchant's, and until the Road by Mr. Marchant's meets the great Country Road to Little Rest, where we parted. — Before we sat out left a letter for General Whipple and my Wife. Dined pretty well at Brown's a private house in Hopkinton about 13 or 14 miles from Judge Potter's. After dinner rode to Tyler's, which is now a private house opposite to the Rev^{d}. —— Hart's Meeting House, drank a Dish of Coffee in the Evening and were waited upon by a good female Body, who was almost consumed with the Hysterics of Religion — *vide* Dr. Lardner's Credibility of the Gospel History."

In spite of this disrespectful reference to religious hysterics, it seems that our travellers did not proceed upon their journey on Sunday.

"We spent the Sabbath at Hartford. In the afternoon heard Mr. Strong preach a good Sermon, and most melodious Singing. The Psalmody was performed in all its Parts, and Softness more than Loudness seemed to be the Aim of the Performers. In the Evening waited upon Gov. Trumbull and was pleased to find so much Quickness of apprehension in so old a Gentleman. Connecticut have collected, and ordered Taxes to the Amount of One hundred thousand Pounds more than they had issued. Brave Spirits!"

Gov. Trumbull was revered as the only colonial governor who took the patriotic side; and is also likely to be held in permanent fame as the author of the phrase "Brother Jonathan." He was at this time but sixty-seven; yet that may have seemed an advanced age to William Ellery, at fifty, since the latter could not have foreseen that he himself should live to be ninety-two, and should retain his "quickness of apprehension" to the last. After this burst of enthusiasm we are soon brought back to the question of the larder, always so important on a horseback journey.

"*Nov. 3d.* — Left Hartford and bated at Farmington, at Lewis' about 12 miles from Hartford; from thence

rode to Yale's 12 miles, where Mr. F. D. dined on Three Pints of Milk and Cake lightened with Scraps, and W. E. dined on Bread and Milk Punch. — From thence rode through Herrington over the worst road I ever passed to Litchfield, where we lodged with Genl. Wolcott, and were kindly entertained. He had lately returned from the Northern Army, where he commanded a Number (300 I think) of Volunteers, which he had collected by his influence. He gave us an account of the Surrendry of the menacing Meteor, which after a most portentous Glare had evaporated into Smoke (Gov. Livingston's Speech to the Assembly, Fishkill Papers, Sept. 4th) and gave it as his Opinion that the Army under Genl. Gates at the Time of ye Capitulation [of Burgoyne] did not exceed 12,000 men."

Coming nearer the seat of war, our travellers felt its discomforts; first, in the ruinous condition of the bridges, and then in the presence of troops and in nocturnal alarms. The following extracts show these annoyances: —

"*Nov. 4th.* — Left Litchfield about nine o'clock. . . . The Bridges along this road from Hartford are some of them entirely destroyed, and all of them out of repair, owing to the constant passing of heavy loaded wagons and the late heavy storm. On our way to

Flower's we passed over Chepaug a long, crazy Bridge, and between Flower's and Camp's over Housatonick Bridge, which was held together by a few Wedges. — After we left Chepaug Bridge the Road to Camp's was good.

"*Nov. 5th.* — Rode to Danbury where we breakfasted at a private house, after having visited every Inn for Accomodations but in vain; some were crowded with Soldiers, and others void of every necessary article of Entertainment. Danbury is eleven miles from Camp's. We intended when we left Litchfield to have gone to Peekskill, and there to have crossed the North River; but, when we got to Danbury, were dissuaded from it by the Person at whose house we breakfasted; who told us that there were Tories and Horse-stealers on that Road. This account and it being late in the forenoon that it was impossible to reach Peekskill by Night, and not being able to procure a Lodging in Danbury, occasioned us to take the Fishkill Road; Accordingly we sat off, bated at the Foot of Quaker Hill, about 7 miles from Danbury, and reached Col. Ludinton's, 8 miles from the foregoing stage, at night. Here *mens meminisse horret!* We were told by our landlady the Colonel was gone to New Windsor, that there was a Guard on the Road between Fishkill and Peekskill, that one of the Guard had been killed about six miles off, and that a man not long before had been shot at on the Road to

Fishkill, not more than 3 miles from their house; and that a Guard had been placed there for some time past and had been dismissed only three days. We were now in a doleful pickle, not a male in the house but Don Quixote and his man Sancho and poor Pill Garlick,[1] and no Lodging for the first and last but in a lower room without any Shutters to the windows, or Locks to the Doors. — What was to be done? What could be done? In the first place we fortified our Stomachs with Beefsteaks and Grogg, and then went to work to fortify ourselves against an attack. — The Knight of the woeful Countenance asked whether there were any Guns in the house. Two were produced. One of them in good order. Nails were fixed over the windows, the Guns placed in a corner of the room, a pistol under each of our pillows, and the Hanger against the bed-post; thus accoutred and prepared at all points, our heroes went to bed. — Whether the valiant knight slept a wink or not, Pill Garlick cannot say; for he was so overcome with fatigue and his animal Spirits were so solaced with the beef and

[1] Mr. Ellery gives the names of Don Quixote and Sancho to Judge Dana and his servant; and employs the name "Pill Garlick" or "Pil-garlick" for himself. This last word has now passed out of use, but it was often employed in books of the last century as a substitude for the first person singular, especially in case of a lonely person or one growing old. Several derivations have been assigned for it; these may be found in Grose's Dictionary and Brewer's Phrase and Fable.

Grogg, that every trace of fear was utterly erased from his imagination, and he slept soundly from Evening till Morning without any interruption, save that about midnight, as he fancieth, he was waked by his Companion with this interesting Question delivered with a tremulous voice: 'What noise is that?' He listened and soon discovered that the noise was occasioned by some rats gnawing the head of a bread-cask. After satisfying the Knight about the noise, He took his second and finishing nap."

The next day it snowed. The fire-wood at this house gave out, and they were forced to ride five miles in the storm to the next stopping-place. Then follows a picture of a rustic "interior," as quaint and homely, and almost as remote from the present New England, as if painted by Wilkie or Van Ostade: —

"We were ushered into a room where there was a good fire, drank a dish of Tea, and were entertained during great part of the Evening with the Music of the Spinning-wheel and wool-cards, and the sound of the shoemaker's hammer; for Adriance had his shoemaker's bench, his wife her great wheel and their girl her wool-card in the room where we sat. This might be

disagreeable to your delicate macaroni gentry; but by elevating our voices a little, we could and did keep up conversation amidst the music; and the reflection on the advantages resulting from Manufactures, joined to the good-nature of our landlord and his wife, made the evening pass off very agreeably."

The next extract gives us a glimpse of John Hancock, who had just resigned the presidency of Congress, and was on his way home: —

"*Nov. 7th.* — Breakfasted at Adriance's, and sat off for Fishkill where we arrived at noon. Could get no provender for our horses, but at the Contl [Continental, i. e. military] Stables. Waited upon Gen. Putnam who was packing up and just about setting off for White Plains. Chatted with him a while, and then put off for the Contl Ferry at the North River. (Fishkill is eleven miles from Adriance's and the Ferry six miles from Fishkill.) In our way to the Ferry we met President Hancock in a sulkey, escorted by one of his Secretaries and two or three other gentlemen, and one Light-horse-man. This escort surprised us as it seemed inadequate to the purpose either of defence or parade. But our surprise was not of long continuance; for we had not rode far before we met six or eight Light-horse-men on the canter, and just as we reached the Ferry a boat arrived with many more.

These with the Light-horse-men and the gentlemen before mentioned made up the escort of Mr. President Hancock, — Who would not be a great man? I verily believe that the President, as he passed through the Country thus escorted, feels a more triumphant satisfaction than the Col. of the Queen's Regiment of Light Dragoons attended by his whole army and an escort of a thousand Militia. We had a pleasant time across the Ferry, and jogged on to Major Dubois a Tavern about 9 or 10 miles from thence, where we put up for the night. We were well entertained, had a good dish of tea, and a good beef-steak. We had neither ate or drank before since we breakfasted. Dr. Cutter invited us to dine with him at Fishkill; but it was not then dinner time and we were anxious to pass Hudson and get on."

This allusion to Burgoyne is, of course, a sarcasm, the thousand militia-men being the Continental troops that escorted his army to its place of detention at Cambridge, Mass. The next glimpse must be of the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Penn., — a haven of luxurious comfort to the unfortunate travellers of those days: —

"*Nov. 10th.* — Breakfasted at Carr's, and rode 12 miles to Easton, where we baited. We passed the Dela-

ware with Genl Fermoy without making ourselves known to him. From Easton we rode in the Rain to Bethlehem for the sake of good accommodation, and were invited by Mr. Edwine one of the Ministers of the Moravian Society who had been so kind as to show me the public buildings when I was at Bethlehem the last June. When Congress were here in their way to York; they ordered that the House of the single women should not be occupied by the Soldiery or in any way put to the use of the Army; and that as little disturbance as possible should be given to this peaceful Society, which Mr. Edwine took notice of with great gratitude. — A number of sick and wounded were here,[1] a considerable quantity of baggage and Guards; — and a number of Light-horse were at Nazareth, feeding on the hay and grain of the Society, which I found was disagreeable; but at the same time perceived that they did not choose to complain much lest their complaints should be thought to proceed not so much from their sufferings as from a dislike to the American Cause. This people, like the Quakers are principled against bearing Arms; but are unlike them in this respect, they are not against paying

[1] One of these invalids was Lafayette, who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, Sept. 11, and was taken to Bethlehem in the carriage of Henry Laurens on the removal of Congress. Pulaski afterward visited Lafayette at Bethlehem, and was subsequently presented with a banner by the Moravian sisterhood, — an incident well known through an early poem by Longfellow.

such taxes as Government may order them to pay towards carrying on War, and do not I believe, in a sly underhand way aid and assist the Enemy while they cry Peace, Peace, as the manner of some Quakers is, not to impeach the whole body of them.

"*Nov. 11th.* — Continued at Bethlehem, the weather being very cold and the wind high, and our horses wanting rest, and to have their shoes repaired. Fared exceedingly well, drank excellent Madeira, and fine green tea, and ate a variety of well-cooked food of a good quality and lodged well.

"*Nov. 12th.* — Baited at Snell's 9 miles, and ate a tolerable veal cutlet. Snell is a good Whig."

Then comes another picture of the discomforts of a late autumnal journey: —

"*Nov. 12th.* — The fore part of this day was filled with snow squalls, which proved peculiarly irksome to Mr. Dana's servant, whose Surtout was stolen from him the eve'ng before at Johnston's by some Soldier. The afternoon was comfortable but the eve'ng was windy and exceedingly cold. The room in which we sat and lodged admitted the cold air at a thousand chinks, and our narrow bed had on it only a thin rug and one sheet. We went to bed almost completely dressed, but even that would not do. It was so cold that I could not sleep. What would I not have given to have been by my fire-side.

I wished a thousand times that the Old-Fellow had our landlady. Our fellow lodgers suffered as much as we did, and if they had read Tristam Shandy's chapter of curses, and had remembered it would have cursed her through his whole catalogue of curses. What added to the infamousness of this Tavern was the extreme squalidity of the room, beds, and every utensil. I will conclude my story of this Sink of Filth and Abomination with a circumstance which, while it shows that our dirty landlady had some idea of neatness, must excite a contemptuous smile. — The table on which we were to breakfast was so inexpressibly nasty that we begged she would put a clean napkin on it, to which this *simplex munditiis* objected that the coffee might dirty the cloth. — I intended to have finished here; but the avarice of this Mass of Filth was as great as her sluttishness, — was so great that I cannot forbear noticing it. Notwithstanding we had nothing of her but a bit of a Hock of pork, boiled a second time, and some bread and butter (we found our own tea and coffee) and hay and oats for our horses; this Daughter of Lycurgus charged for Mr. Dana, myself and servant, thirty-eight shillings lawful money."

The next day Mr. Ellery met other eminent men, following in the steps of Hancock. The main work of the session being through, and military operations being almost closed by the

approach of winter, Samuel Adams had for the first time received leave of absence from Congress, while John Adams had been appointed commissioner to France; and they journeyed homeward together.

"*Nov. 13th.* — Met Mr. Samuel and Mr. John Adams about 9 miles from Levan's, and hard by a tavern. — They turned back to the Inn, where we chatted, and ate bread and butter together. They were to my great sorrow bound home. I could not but lament that Congress should be without their councils, and myself without their conversation."

It is rather tantalizing that these few lines should be the only record of this memorable chatting over bread and butter, while so much more space is immediately given to one of those Fielding-like adventures which the gravest Congressman might then encounter on his travels: —

"We reached Reading where we put up at one Hartman's near the Court House, in the middle of the afternoon. It was with great difficulty that we could get a lodging. We were obliged to lodge in a room with a curious crazy genius. We went to bed about

nine O'clock; about half-past ten in came the Genius thundering. He stamped across the room several times, and then vociferated for the boot-jack. He pulled off his boots, hummed over a tune, lighted up his pipe, smoked a few whiffs, took his pen and ink and began to write, when there was a keen rapping at our chamber door. He turned his head toward the door and was silent. Immediately the door was forced open, and such a scene presented as would have intimidated any person of less heroism than F. D. and W. E. In rushed a Sergeant's Guard with fixed bayonets and arrested the Genius. All was confusion. There was 'Damn your blood Sir, what do you mean?' 'I arrest you sir; seize his papers.' 'Genl Mifflin'—'Warrant'—'Challenge'—'Let me put on my clothes. I'll go with you to Genl Mifflin'—'You shall go to a house twenty times as good for you. I'll take care of you.' After some time we found out that our cracked Genius had challenged Gen Mifflin, and therefore was arrested. They took him away, but he had not been gone long, before he returned to the House cursing and swearing, and was locked up in another Chamber. Two officers who were in bed in that chamber were obliged to decamp to make way for him and took his bed in our room."

"The knight of redoubted valor, had at his return got up, dressed himself, and told the officer of the Guard, that he had put the Genius into a passion, and that he must not be put into our room to disturb us, which

occasioned his quarters being shifted. The two officers before mentioned told us that the Genius when he was enraged as he then was, was a ferocious creature and that we might expect that he would attempt to recover his old lodging before morning. — The landlady her daughter and maids were all roused and had got up; the landlord and Pill-Garlick kept snug in bed; all the females and the Knight were busily employed half an hour in putting the lock of our door in order. When that was effected the Knight put his pistols under his head, his hanger in the chair near the bed, and then came to bed. In the morning early the Genius rose, strutted about his prison and hummed over a tune in seeming good humor. — After some time he was discharged, came into our room, asked our pardon for the disturbance he had occasioned and offered us some of his loaf sugar to sweeten our tea. He then waited on Genl Mifflin, returned and said he was a clever fellow, but swore damn him that he would go and kill the Officer of the Guard if he could find him. Out he went, but what became of him I know not; for we set off, but I believe he killed nobody."

But the journey of our Congressman is fast drawing to a close, and soon ends as follows: —

"*Nov. 14th.* — Crossed the Schuylkill dined at Miller's near the town of Ephrata *al dic* [*alii dicunt* = *alias*]

Dunkard's Town and lodged at Letidz a little Moravian Settlement, where we lodged in clover. We lodged in Cabins about 3 feet wide, a straw bed was at the bottom, a feather bed on that, sheets, a thin soft feather bed supplied the place of blankets, and a neat calico coverlid covered all; and our lodging room was kept warm during the night by a neat earthen stove which in form resembled a case of Drawers.

"*Nov. 15th.* — Crossed Anderson's Ferry which is 17 miles from Letidz about noon, and in the afternoon reached Yorktown which is 10 miles from the Ferry, and so finished our Journey of four hundred and fifty miles."

In June, 1778, Mr. Ellery records another horseback journey. Congress had left Yorktown, and returned to Philadelphia, just evacuated by the British; and this was the appearance of the country on the way: —

"From Derby to Schuylkill the Fencing was destroyed and the fields lay entirely open; but as the stock had been removed by the Owners or taken by the enemy, the grass was luxuriant. — As I passed the Schuylkill the naked Chimnies of destroyed houses on my left expressed in emphatic language the barbarity of the British officers & Soldiery. The city however was in a much better state than I expected to have found it. At Chester

heard the glorious news of the defeat of Genl Clinton at Monmouth. I lodged at Philadelphia with my friend William Redwood and continued in Philadelphia until the 10th of July when I sat out for Dighton in company with him. On the glorious fourth of July I celebrated in the city Tavern with my brother delegates of Congress and a number of other gentlemen amounting in the whole to about 80, the anniversary of Independency."

His description of this entertainment was quoted in my "Larger History of the United States."

He went from home to his Congressional duties that same autumn, leaving Dighton, Oct. 24, 1778. The opening of his diary on this occasion shows amusingly some of the inconveniences to be surmounted before setting off: —

"Sat out for Dighton on a Journey to Philadelphia, arrived at Providence in the afternoon. The black man who had engaged to attend me on the Journey fell sick or pretended to be so. I sent an express to Dighton for a boy with whom I had talked about his going and had refused to take on account of this same black man. The Boy was now unwilling to go. I applied to Genl Sullivan who accommodated me with a Soldier of

Jackson's regiment. The black fellow was a married man and alas and lack-a-day was under petticoat government and his sovereign wanted to keep him at home to wait upon her. If I had known previous to my engaging him that he had been under this kind of domination I should have consulted his Domina and procured her consent, before I had depended upon him, and not suffered this sad disappointment. Well — let the ambitious say what they please, Women have more to do with the government of this world than they are willing to allow. Oh! Eve — Eve!"

A little farther on we come to the more substantial discomfort of a storm, putting a stop to all travel, and giving opportunity for genial philosophizing by the fireside: —

"*Oct. 31st.* — We were at Emmons' detained by a storm which has been brewing for more than a fortnight; but which, to our comfort, is like the dram which the Gentleman presented to the Revd Dr. Phillips of Long Island, the least, as he said, by the dram that ever I saw of its age in my life. This Mr. Phillips had been preaching in I know not and care not what Parish, and being much fatigued the Gent. with whom he dined, to refresh his spirits before dinner, presented him with a dram in a very small glass, observing at the same time that the dram was 10 years old. The arch priest wittily professed

that it was the least of its age that he had ever seen in his life. — But as small as the storm is, it is large enough to detain us. — Mrs. Emmons our Landlady, is one of the most laughing creatures that ever I saw. She begins and ends every thing she says, and she talks as much as most females, with a laugh which is in truth the silliest laugh that ever I heard. — As man hath been defined as a laughing animal, as Laughter manifests a good disposition and tends to make one fat, I will not find fault with laughing, let Solomon & Chesterfield have said what they may have said agst it. Indeed the former says there is a time to laugh, but with the latter it is at no time admissible. However, Chesterfield when he condemns it hath the character of a courtier only in Idea, and does not regard common life. And Horace I think says, *Ride si sapis.* — The Spectator hath divided laughter into several species some of which he censures roundly; but doth not as I remember condemn seasonable, gentle laughter. — Therefore my pleasant Landlady, laugh on."

A little later he finds another landlady, as kind but less cheerful; and we have a glimpse at the standard of comfort then prevailing in Connecticut: —

"*Nov. 1st.* — Passed Connecticut River and dined at Chidsey's on the middle road on the east skirt of Durham. Our Landlady was very kind and pleasant.

Her cheese and butter were excellent; but alas! They had no Cyder; and in consequence of it she said with the tone of lamentation, that they should be quite lonesome this winter. The good people of Connecticut when they form the semicircle round the warm hearth, and the Tankard sparkles with Cyder, are as merry and as sociable as New Yorkers are when they tipple the mantling Madeira."

Then follows another graphic picture of a wayside interior: —

"*Nov. 5th.* — Took the route through Paramus and breakfasted at a Dutchman's about 7 miles from Coes, and were well entertained. A little diverting affair took place here. The Children who had never before seen a Gentleman with a wig on, were it seems not a little puzzled with my friend's head-dress. They thought it was his natural hair, but it differed so much from mine and theirs in its shape that they did not know what to make of it. The little boy after viewing it some time with a curious eye asked his mother, in dutch, whether it would hurt my friend if he should pull his hair. The mother told us what the boy had said; whereupon my friend took off his wig, put it on the head of the boy and led him to the looking-glass. The mixture of Joy and Astonishment in the boy's countenance on this occasion diverted us not a little. He would look with astonish-

ment at Mr. Redwood's bare head, and then survey his own head, and the droll figure he made with the wig on made him and us laugh very heartily. It is not a little remarkable that children who had lived on a public road should have never before seen a wig."

That night he reaches Elizabethtown, N.J., where we have a glimpse at some of the mild relaxations of the Continental army: —

"We lodged at one Smiths. A Detachment of the Army, under Ld. Stirling was here. The officers had a ball at Smiths, and kept up the dance 'till three o'clock in the morning. Drum, fife and fiddle, with an almost incessant saltation drove Morpheus from my Pillow."

"Lord Stirling" was Gen. William Alexander, who had been an unsuccessful claimant for the earldom of Stirling. Later we are presented with some of the joys of travel, tempered with pensive moralizing: —

"*Nov. 9th.* — We breakfasted at Gilchrists in Woodbury. In the way from Roxbury to Woodbury, about three or four miles from the former, the Eye is saluted with a beautiful Landscape. The side of a mountain in a semicircular form, from its gentle declivity presents a charming variety of fields and woods and buildings. In

a word it yields a more beautiful prospect than any you behold between it and Philadelphia — Gilchrist furnished us with the best dish of Bohea Tea and the best toasted bread and butter I have eaten for a twelvemonth. But this is a chequered state of things, and good alas! is frequently attended with evil. My Surtout . . . '

There seems to have been some further tragedy in respect to this overcoat. Perhaps it had followed the garment of Mr. Dana's servant into the patriotic army. The next day brings us close to the enemy's lines: —

"*Nov. 10th.* — Breakfasted at Buells in Hebron eight miles from Hills — Dined at Jesse Billings, my Tenant in Colchester. The Enemy on Monday entered N. Haven and pillaged the Inhabitants. They were opposed by a handful of men who behaved gallantly. Of them between twenty and thirty were killed, and of the enemy it is said an equal number, and among them was an Adjutant Campbell. The next day they landed at Fairfield and burned the Town. — How they came to destroy this town and not New Haven, is matter of inquiry. They are now, it is said, hovering about New London, a considerable body of militia is collected there, and more men are ordered in. Some Gentlemen of Hartford seemed to be apprehensive that the enemy would pay them a visit. I wish they might. For I presume such a

body of men would muster on that occasion as would effectually prevent their return. It is thought that they mean to draw off the main army from their present post, and then to attack West Point Fort. I rather think that their intention is to keep the People in constant alarm, and thereby prevent their getting in the Summer harvest. Finding that they cannot conquer the country, they are determined agreeably to the Manifesto of the Commrs., to do as much mischief as they can to make our alliance with France of as little benefit to that Kingdom as possible. — Miserable Politicians! by their infernal conduct they will destroy every spark of affection which may still remain in the breast of Americans, and force us and our commerce irrevocably into the Arms of France, which have been and still are extended to receive both. *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* — We were detained by the rain at Mr. Billings the afternoon, and lodged there."

Yet amidst all these public cares our worthy statesman found time to notice not merely mankind but womankind, on the way; now noticing that his landlady "hath an Austrian lip," and now wondering, as the less ornamental sex was wont even then to wonder, over the freaks of fashionable costume, — thus: —

"*Nov. 12.* — Bated at Adam's about 8 miles from Lathrops; where I saw a Girl whose head-dress was a

fine Burlesque on the modern head-dress of polite ladies. It was of an elevated height and curiously decorated with Hollyokes [hollyhocks]. Lodged well at Dorrances."

On the 14th he reaches Dighton, and thus sums up his journey: —

"Reached home at dinner time, 18 miles from Providence and found all well. This Journey for the season was exceedingly pleasant. The first four days were too hot for comfort; but the succeeding six were cool, and my mare was as fresh when I got home as when I sat off. The two men who escorted me and a sum of Money for the State behaved very well, and my Companion was sociable and clever."

Three more of these manuscript diaries of travel, making five in all, are preserved by the descendants of Mr. Ellery; and I am indebted for their use to the Misses Ellery of Newport, R.I. The diaries were consulted by Professor Edward T. Channing when preparing the memoir of his grandfather, published some fifty years ago, in the sixth volume of Sparks's "American Biography." He gives some extracts from them; but these are marred by a peculiarity of editing not uncommon

among American literary men of the last generation, — an exaggerated sense of decorum which induced the dignified Sparks to substitute "General Putnam" for the more familiar "Old Put" in Washington's letter; and led Professor Channing to strike out, from one passage I have quoted, all reference to Don Quixote and Pilgarlick, and to offer the reader a vague collation of "beef-steak and strong drink" for the terser bill of fare, "Beef-steaks and grogg." The theory of both these excellent biographers was, no doubt, that they should amend the *déshabille* in the style of these familiar epistles, and put on them a proper walking-dress, before sending them out to take the air, — as the writers themselves would have done, had they foreseen this publicity of print. This may often be a good argument for omission, but it can never be an argument for alteration; and I think writers of the present day have a stricter sense of the literal significance of a quotation-mark.

It may interest the reader to be told, in conclusion, that William Ellery long outlived

the fatigues and dangers of the Revolution, and passed an eminently peaceful and honored old age. He left Congress in 1785, and could then return to his native town; but his house was burned, his mercantile business was destroyed, the town itself was almost ruined, and he had, when almost at the age of sixty, to begin life anew. During the following year, Congress appointed him commissioner of the Continental Loan Office for Rhode Island; and on the adoption of the Federal Constitution by that State, in 1790, he became collector of customs for the Newport district, — an office which he retained until his death. He lived to see one of his grandchildren, William Ellery Channing, the most noted clergyman of Boston; another, Walter Channing, the first resident physician of the Massachusetts General Hospital; and two others, Edward T. Channing and Richard H. Dana, the joint editors of the *North American Review*, a periodical then new-born, which Mr. Ellery must have read with delight. To these his descendants, and to all the young people who constituted their

circle, his personal society is said to have been a constant joy. "He was not their teacher," says one of them, "but their elder companion." He retained his intellectual faculties unimpaired until the very last hour, and died Feb. 15, 1820, at the great age of ninety-two. On the morning of his death he rose and partly dressed himself, then lay down from weakness, and the physician found his pulse almost gone. Wine revived him, and the doctor said, "Your pulse beats very well." — "Charmingly!" said the courageous old man; after which he lay for some two hours in silence, — saying once only that he knew he was dying, — and then ceased to breathe.

A NEW-ENGLAND VAGABOND

THERE may usually be found in the best-regulated minds some concealed liking for a vagabond, the relic of days when we thought it would be a very pleasant thing to run away with a circus or to sleep under a haystack. And even apart from this, it is certain that the lives of vagabonds often afford the very best historical material. We have in copious profusion the letters and public documents of the able and upright men who organized and carried through the great revolt of the American Colonies against the Crown; but many events of that epoch are still imperfectly understood for want of adequate memorials of the scoundrels. Points of the greatest historical importance, such as the difficulties encountered by Washington in organizing the army at Cambridge, the frequent depletion of that army

through desertion, the depreciation of the Continental currency, the startling outbreak of Shays's Rebellion, can never be understood except by studying the revelations of the reprobates. Such confessions are very rare: there is, so far as I know, but one book which fully and frankly proclaims them; of that book I have seen but one copy, now in possession of the Worcester, Mass., Public Library; and this condition of things furnishes ample reason for bringing to light once more the wholly disreputable and therefore most instructive career of Henry Tufts.

He was a man whose virtues might doubtless have been very useful to us, had he possessed any, but whose great historical value lies, strange as it may seem, in his vices. His dingy little book derives its worth from the very badness of the society into which it brings us; it reveals the existence, behind all that was decent and moral in that period, of a desperate and lawless minority. Henry Tufts was born at Newmarket, N.H., June 24, 1748; and he not only belonged to the true race of vaga-

bonds, but was indeed the first thorough and unimpeachable member of that fraternity recorded amid our staid New-England society. Previous examples, such as Morton of Merry Mount, and Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight, were mere exotics, the consummate flower of an elder civilization. Our interest in them is to see how they bore the transplantation, and how the scene of transplantation bore them. But Henry Tufts was indigenous; purely a home product. Indeed, he belonged distinctly to what Dr. Holmes once called the Brahmin blood of New England; for he claims that his grandfather was a clergyman, who apparently graduated at Harvard College in 1701. But if of clerical blood, the grandson came also of the breed of Autolycus, and his autobiography belongs essentially to what has been called the "picaresque" literature, — that which includes Gil Blas, Guzman d'Alfarache, and Meriton Latroon.

It is indeed unsurpassed in that department, for it contains a smaller proportion of any thing but vagabondism than any similar work known

to me in any language. His whole book records hardly a trace of honest industry, unless we include his service in the Revolutionary army; and even there his labors seem to have been strictly in the line of those afterward performed by Sherman's bummers. All else is unmitigated but not unvaried rascality. In some lives, theft is an incident; with him it was the stated means of support. Whatever he had, he stole. He can hardly be said to have invariably stolen his lodgings, for he often slept in haymows, and one night in a family tomb; but for all else — food, drink, and clothing — he relied upon what he graphically calls the rule of thumb. He would have fulfilled Falstaff's longing, "Oh for a fine young thief!" It was needless to inquire of him, as Charles Lamb asked of his Australian correspondents, what he did when he was not stealing. He was thieving all the time, unless we separate the periods when he was running away with his booty, or being taken to prison, or breaking out of it, which he did again and again.

He began his career in the usual manner of

country boys who take to bad courses, — by robbing orchards and hen-roosts. At fourteen he planned with two companions to steal bread, cheese, and cucumbers, and to hide them in the woods. The others provided the bread and cheese, and he the cucumbers, stripping a whole patch. Being dissatisfied with the provision the others had made, he resolved to frighten them out of their share; so he raised an alarm, when they all took fright, after which he came back and carried off all the supplies. Not content with this, he informed his companions that the farmer they had robbed had captured him, and had exacted of him three days' labor; so that each of the other boys gave him a day's work on his father's farm as their share of the imaginary penalty. This early incident gives the key to his whole life, which was spent in first defrauding others and then his own accomplices. When he was twenty-one he began the more public practice of his profession by stealing his father's horse and selling it for thirty dollars.

In the active pursuit of his vocation he trav-

elled habitually between Canada and Virginia, having a line of confederates, like a trapper's line of traps, through the whole route. His system of living reached a singular perfection. When he needed food he took it, wherever he found it; not confining himself to the necessaries of the table, but adding the luxuries, as when he stole a beehive, and carried it some distance; on which occasion he must have discounted, so to speak, the stings of remorse. When he needed a pair of boots, he looked out for a shoemaker's shop, and contrived to be near it at nightfall. In respect to linen, for him the land seemed as covered with clothes-lines as now with telegraphic wires; and once, when he needed small-clothes, he spied through the window of a church a suitable pulpit-cushion, stole it, sold the feathers, and made a pair of breeches of the green plush.

It is needless to say that in him horse-stealing — which has been in all ages, as Scott says of treason, "the crime of a gentleman" — rose to the dignity of a fine art. Some fifty separate thefts of this kind are recorded in his book.

He asserts that he could go into a stable at night, and select a particular horse by his way of eating his hay. He could so disguise an animal by paint, that his former owner, riding by his side, did not know him. He would steal a horse, ride him twenty miles, and exchange him for another, and make two more exchanges before reaching one of his homes again; for he had almost as many homes as horses. In one case he took a neighbor's horse, sold it for fifty-one dollars, and, on being detected, guided the neighbor to the place where it was sold, hoping to find it and steal it back again. Not finding it, they each stole another horse, were caught, and were punished with thirty-five lashes apiece from a cat-o'-nine-tails. In another case a man boasted that his horse had a special guard every night, and could not be stolen. Tufts accepted the challenge, gave the guards rum and opium, and rode the steed away. Nor was this talent limited to horses. While travelling up the Merrimac River, he stole a valuable dog, sold it at Newbury for ten shillings, and then crossed the ferry. The dog swam the river, and

rejoined him. Aided by this happy suggestion, Tufts sold him twice more, at Newburyport for six shillings and at Bradford for a dollar; the dog each time swimming the river, and rejoining his unwearied salesman.

His whole life was spent either in eluding pursuers, or giving them reason to pursue him anew. He was so constantly suspected, that he was often arrested when he had done nothing. The shop of Mr. Jacob Sheafe, in Portsmouth, had been robbed; and Tufts was stated to have been seen carrying a bundle through the streets in the evening. That was enough; and he was confined in Exeter jail some days, and then released. The same winter he was arrested under a similar suspicion in Newmarket, went to Exeter jail again for a week, and was again discharged. For the first of these detentions he was paid by Mr. Sheafe at the rate of a dollar per day. The jail thus became not only his lodging, his restaurant, his shelter from the cold, but the source of a moderate income, the most innocent perhaps that he ever enjoyed. The dollar a day was a sort of retaining-fee for

not thieving. It is observable that these unjust detentions happened always in the winter, and that he never complained of them; it was only when he deserved to be in jail, that he repined under it.

It is said that hypocrisy is the homage that vice renders to virtue, and that counterfeit money vindicates the true. It therefore throws no discredit on two learned professions when I point out the obvious fact that medicine and theology always prove attractive to vagabonds. Tufts tried both. He says of himself, in his usual Micawber strain, "Destitute of a single shilling in the world, it was requisite to levy contributions on the public [*Il faut vivre, monsieur!*], so that I might elude 'haggard poverty's cruel grasp.' In some places, therefore, I practised physic, in others told fortunes, and in others again I discharged the sacerdotal office. I could turn my hand with equal facility to either of these scientific branches, and acquired some celebrity in them all." ordingly, like another New-England vaga- , — Stephen Burroughs, — Tufts combined

preaching with his other pursuits. "Having a mind to view the country and try my skill as a preacher, I purchased me a new suit of black, a large Scotch-plaid gown, and cocked-up beaver." This was, therefore, the clerical costume in 1777, and the sect to which he proposed to minister was known as New Lights. It is a good instance of what is called feminine intuition, that the only person who ever found him out in this character was a young girl. He being at Little Falls, Me., was invited, because of this clerical dress, to speak at a week-day meeting; and the officiating clergyman declared that he had preached such a sermon as to prove him "an incarnate saint, if ever there was one upon the footstool." Upon this, Tufts says, a young woman named Peggy Cotton, a church-member, rose and said, "He a saint? So is the Devil incarnate. For my own part, I have no belief in his pretended sanctity, let him profess what he will." Being severely taken to task, the plain-spoken young woman proceeded to explain that on his first entrance into the meeting, this gentleman of clerical appearance

had surveyed her from head to foot in such a carnal manner that she "perceived that he had the devil in his heart." Great was the confusion; the speaker was severely rebuked by the officiating clergyman, followed by Tufts himself, who says, "As two against one are odds at tennis, so poor Peggy, finding her ground untenable against both, presently withdrew." Tufts, triumphant against her, became the clergyman's guest, and preached daily through his whole tour, undisturbed by the fear of man or woman.

His medical practice was really impaired by the same drawback with his preaching; for in one case a young girl whom he had brought back almost from the grave fell in love with him, and insisted on his eloping with her, which indeed required no great persuasion. He had a little more preparation, however, for medicine than for theology, taking the latter only by what is now called "heredity" from his grandfather, while to the former he devoted three years of exceedingly irregular study among the Indians. He was fond of all ath-

letic feats, and, having injured himself severely when about twenty-four, was advised by Capt. Josiah Miles, "the great Indian fighter," to visit the aborigines at "Sudbury Canada," who would cure him if any one could. Sudbury Canada was not a Canadian village, but one of the townships in Maine allotted to soldiers who had served in an expedition against Canada. Thither he went, therefore, by way of Pigwacket, in Maine, a region famous in the Indian wars, this being about fifty miles from the place of his stay among the savages. For three years (1772–75) he remained with them, and at first was visited daily by Molly Orcut, whose name is still preserved in memory as the most noted of Indian doctresses. He observed her methods, took her medicines, and received her bounty; for patients came to her from far and near, and she always had a considerable sum of money in her house. Besides her there were other renowned doctors, such as "Sabattus" and "Old Philips;" and Tufts took great pains to study what he calls "Indian botany and physic," and thus gained a knowl-

edge of simples, on which he frequently traded for the rest of his life. He added an Indian wife to the two or three others whom he had already accumulated; and he has left in his autobiography a very clear and compact account of the whole way of living among these people a hundred years ago, — their mode of hunting, their habits in winter, their sleeping on the snow before a fire, their annual church pilgrimages to Montreal, their torturing punishment of their own criminals by putting thongs through the tendons of their arms and legs, and stringing them up between two saplings to die.

On his return from the Indian settlement he found the country plunged in a war, and now begins what is historically the most valuable part of his record. In him we have the reverse side of the Revolutionary soldier; he shows vividly the worst part of that material out of which Washington had to make an army, — the two-months' men. Tufts enlisted, he tells us, because he thought it an easy life, and more honorable than thieving; "though," as he justly

remarked, and proceeded to exemplify, "a soldier may be a thief." He enlisted first under a Capt. Clark, marched to Portsmouth, N.H., worked at building barracks, serving, as he tells us with admiration, "through the whole term of his enlistment without desertion." Here he met Gen. Sullivan and Col. Cilley. Later he enlisted with one Capt. Benbo for two months, and was marched to Winter Hill near Boston. "Here," he says, "our troops fared at times so slenderly that we had to atone for the dearth of allowance by stealing pigs, poultry, and such articles." Then follows a series of descriptions of thefts and cajoleries, all aided and abetted by the captain, who, if any one came to him with a complaint, allowed his troops to drive the complainant out of camp with snowballs. Then Tufts went home, staid a while, and re-enlisted for a third term of two months, being first quartered at Winter Hill, then at Harvard College, and helping to build forts at Lechmere Point, now East Cambridge. The troops had half allowance of food, and had to spend their pay to eke it out, while

Tufts's peculiar genius took the form of cheating the commissary, and getting a double share of pork. "As our wants had been pressing, the officers of the company were by no means offended at my successful stratagem. Justly concluding that we should want a moderate quantity of rum while devouring this acquisition, I told them I would undertake to provide this desideratum likewise." He accordingly found an ignorant man, took an old summons for debt, — of which he doubtless had many about him, — and gave it to this man as a four-dollar bill, telling him to go to the sutler, buy rum, and bring back the change. He sent somebody else to fetch the rum before the cheat was discovered; and says that they "regaled themselves like lords," soldiers, officers, and all, apparently, while he "received the applause of every guest as well for my [his] zeal as ingenious contrivance." It was, no doubt, after dealing with some such company as this, that Washington wrote those expressions of despair, which have been so often quoted, about his troops at Cambridge.

At a later time Tufts was arrested by mistake for a namesake, who had enlisted "for the Ohio" as a soldier, but he was discharged. Then he went on a stolen horse to visit his brother, near West Point, at a place called "Soldier's Fortune." He carried to his brother, who was apparently a soldier, two shirts, doubtless from somebody's clothes-lines; the brother accepted one only, having already a supply, and probably asking, like the little boy who had but one, "Do you suppose a man needs a thousand shirts?" But the other shirt brought Tufts into trouble, as he sold it to Sergeant Hodgdon for seventeen cartridges and a quarter-pound of powder. Buying or selling soldier's powder was then a capital offence; and he was presently brought before one Col. Reid, who had the long-roll beaten, and four companies of foot paraded under arms. Luckily every man proved to have his allowance of ammunition; so Tufts was dismissed. Then he made his way homeward among such a variety of French deserters, and other men who were hunting deserters, and murderous Tory tavern-

keepers, that it all seems like a chapter out of Cooper's "Spy." Later, he enlisted for three years, under Capt. True, for the regiment of Col. Crane at West Point, and was four weeks, with three hundred others, at the Castle in Boston Harbor, now Fort Independence. Then they went to Watertown, where he deserted; then he was captured, and sent to Exeter jail, his old retreat. He escaped, was again captured, again escaped, and though closely followed, — showing, as he says, the great need of soldiers in those days, — he never again rejoined the army. In 1781, to be sure, he was taken as a deserter, and carried nearly to West Point; but the whole party contrived to escape, and he made his way home on stolen horses, as usual.

It was while he was a deserter from the army, in the year 1780, that an event occurred which throws much light from below, as I may say, on the whole history of the Continental currency. He had rambled from West Point to Vermont, when the whim took him, he says, to visit "in rotation" — a good name for his

mode of life — the town of Charlemont, in order to gain sight of Sally Judd, whom he had married when he had another wife living. He there put up at Spencer's tavern. A stranger rode to the door, a genteel, well-looking man, who dismounted to refresh himself, but declined to stay longer. On being pressed by Tufts, who liked his company, he said that his money was almost out, and he must be getting home. Tufts, who describes himself as being always generous when flush of money, offered to pay the bill. So his guest staid all night, and they shared the same room. In the darkness of the night the stranger made a confession. His name was Whiting, "and he had long been an agent for the British, who had engaged him for an emissary to explore the country and circulate counterfeit money." "As Congress had issued a paper medium to raise armies and pay off their troops, it imported their adversaries to discredit the currency as much as possible. And as such large quantities of paper had been issued already, the speediest way to effect the entire

dissolution of the system was to inundate the country with counterfeit bills." It accordingly proved that this genteel stranger, who had not enough of good money to pay his landlord, had fifty thousand dollars of counterfeit Continental money in his pocket, one thousand dollars of which he gladly transferred to Tufts in exchange for "a little silver to discharge bills in particular places." Mr. Whiting rode away after breakfast, having had a distinction which belonged to few men, of teaching to Henry Tufts a wholly new line of roguery.

It is of historical interest to know how this fresh branch of industry succeeded. To all appearance, admirably. He says, "On the same day of my receiving the spurious bills, curiosity prompted me to make experiment of their currency. On trial, I found not the slightest difficulty in passing them. Indeed, my bills were such an exact imitation of the genuine ones, that a man must have had more penetration than ordinary to have discerned the slightest difference." Accordingly, as the currency daily depreciated, he made haste to

invest his hoard in something permanent; "bought a good horse, a new outfit of clothes, and materials for a complete suit of female apparel," which last he sent as a present to the yet unseen Sally Judd, intending it as a kind of atonement for the damage her character had suffered through his acquaintance. It is interesting to know that it brought Sally to an immediate interview, though a stormy one, closing with a further atonement in the shape of fifty counterfeit dollars, which she accepted, though not relaxing her wrath. He then departed, and says, "I had not travelled many miles before I had the address to traffic away my horse for money and goods, which articles I transported, like an honest man, to my own family." Even Henry Tufts, it seems, had his standard of what constituted an honest man.

In the spring of 1793, Tufts got into serious difficulty. He bought, as he says, a silver tablespoon and five teaspoons, which turned out to have been stolen; for this he was tried for burglary, then a capital offence. The trial

took place in 1793, James Sullivan being the prosecuting attorney. Tufts applied to the celebrated Theophilus Parsons to defend him; but he declining, Messrs. Sewall and Dana undertook the case, — probably James Sewall, then of Marblehead, afterward a member of Congress, and Francis Dana, afterward chief-justice, and father of the poet. Twice the jury disagreed, and were sent out again; but they finally brought in a verdict of guilty, and Tufts was sentenced to death. After several attempts to escape, he resigned himself to his fate; and his cell at Ipswich was cheered by visits from a man who offered him seventy dollars for authority to write his life, and from another who bid two guineas for his skeleton. He was to be hanged Aug. 13, 1795. Great efforts were made for his reprieve, and the Harvard students signed a petition for it: but it was not till the very hour of execution had arrived, that the order came from Gov. Samuel Adams. Tufts says, "The people who had collected to the number (it was said) of three thousand, dispersed in the same manner

as they came; but, seeing their gathering had been but little gratifying to my feelings, I was far from regretting their departure."

Gov. Adams afterwards, at the petition of Tufts's nominal wife, Nabby, commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life; and he was sent to the Castle in Boston Harbor, then used as a jail. There were thirty pieces of artillery, and what he calls a "company" of soldiers. There were fifty prisoners, — French, English, Dutch, Spanish, Irish, and American, — giving an impression of greater variety than one would have supposed. He was five years in this imprisonment; and when in 1798 (June 23) the Castle was turned over to the United States Government, he was transferred to Salem jail, where the jailer apparently had no wish to be troubled with him, and remarked, Tufts says, that "the room was in a slender predicament, wherefore I must behave peaceably if I intended to stay long." He took the hint, got out within half an hour, and walked away, "musing upon the versatility of human affairs." Resolving to turn over a new leaf, "forswear

sack, and live cleanly," he debated for some time with which of his wives, — the old Lydia or the new Abigail, — he should carry out these virtuous purposes. Deciding on the old one, he followed her to the State of Maine, whither she had removed; first writing a high-sounding letter to Abigail, whose years of fidelity he thus repaid. Thenceforward he lived in Maine, "marching to and fro in the quality of an Indian doctor;" and thenceforward never, as he declares, although tradition does not confirm this, "taking clandestinely from man, woman, or child, to the value of a single pin." This did not, however, prevent his stealing from a farmer his daughter, — who was not worth the proverbial row of pins, at any rate, by his account, — and wandering into the wilderness in his old way; but they were captured. He himself returned to the long-suffering Lydia, and seems to have passed his declining years as decently as his nature and habits permitted. He died, it is said, at Limington, Me., Jan. 31, 1831, in the eighty-third year of an uncommonly misspent life.

"At length," he says, in the preface to his book, — "at length have my crimes and misdemeanors become antiquated, and the effects of them by lapse of time been done away. I no longer dread the scourge of future punishment, for on me has been exhausted its almost every species." "The major part of the following account was digested from the storehouse of memory, where long it lay quiescent in dormancy." This preface was dated at Limington, Me. (which he calls Lemington), in 1807; but the book was published at Dover, N.H. The titlepage reads: "A Narrative of the Life, Adventures, Travels, and Sufferings of Henry Tufts, now residing at Lemington, in the District of Maine. In substance as compiled from his own lips. *Ab ovo usque ad mala.* — Ovid. *Meliora video, proboque, deteriora sequor.* — Idem."

As has been already made obvious, the style of the book, whoever wrote it, is to the last degree high-flown and amusing. "Now had the more vertical rays of propitious Phœbus subdued the rigors of the inclement year, and

transformed the truly hiemal blasts into pleasing zephyrous gales. Already had he renewed the beauties of the vernal bloom, and restored to the animate world the festive joys of a mild atmosphere." As my friend Mr. Charles Francis Adams would no doubt remark, he who wrote this had studied the classics. He accordingly speaks of Virgil and Cicero, also of Milton and Dr. Cullen and Corporal Trim. He has peculiar names for places, — names which have a geographical interest: "Number Four" for Charlestown, N.H., and the "Lily Mountains" for the White Mountains. He has slang phrases now vanished: "hot-foot," "tanquam," "troynovant," "the rule of thumb" for thieving, and "to dance Sallinger's round" for immoral indulgences. He gives a very interesting catalogue of some seventy words in the thieves' jargon, or "flash language," which is thus shown to have come to this country in the last century. About half these words re-appear in the similar catalogue of Capt. Matsell, of the New York police, printed in 1859; and one phrase, "You're spotted," which Tufts defines,

"You are likely to be found out," is now familiar, but is wrongly stated by Bartlett, in his "Dictionary of Americanisms," to be of very recent origin. If this singular book were not interesting as the record of reprehensible actions, it would have a certain philological value as fixing the date of many reprehensible words.

I hope to have made it plain that it is not solely for the love of bad company that I have rescued from oblivion this irreclaimable old sinner. The historical value of the book is manifest. His whole picture exhibits to us at a most interesting period a wholly distinct and almost undescribed phase of New-England society. If by a transformation scene the Continental Congress, with all its members sitting in tie-wigs, were to vanish from view and to disclose a scene from the "Black Crook," the change would hardly be greater than to turn, let us say, from Washington's correspondence to Henry Tufts's autobiography. The latter discloses to us the under-world of the Revolutionary period, — a world of sharpers and whip-

ping-posts, of drunken tavern-keepers and loose women. Tufts found an old acquaintance, always a scoundrel, in every piece of woods, and obtained without the least difficulty a mistress in every town. Drunken Barnaby's ride to London hardly brought him into more objectionable companionship. The whole book is like a Kirmesse of Rubens or Teniers, and many passages will not bear quotation. Tufts seems rarely to have been given to liquor, — perhaps he found, like Bret Harte's gamblers, that it interfered with business, — but his taste for all loose company was inexhaustible; and after he was fifty or more, and had, by his own account, utterly given up stealing, he was still at the mercy of every disreputable female that came along; and they often came. Of course it is easy to say that he lied; that probability must steadily be kept in view at every page: but the general atmosphere of a book is unmistakable, and here the coarse verisimilitude is very great. No one can read these pages, and not recognize that there must have been distributed throughout a large part

of the narrow region known as the United States, in those days, a stratum of society like that still found in some isolated and degraded settlements among the mountains, — hamlets whose wandering inhabitants are habitually called gypsies, although without gypsy blood. Nor can it be read without the comforting conclusion that the standard of morals, as well as that of education, has perceptibly risen during the last hundred years.

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA

THE Maroons! it was a word of peril once; and terror spread along the skirts of the blue mountains of Jamaica when some fresh foray of those unconquered guerrillas swept down upon the outlying plantations, startled the Assembly from its order, Gen. Williamson from his billiards, and Lord Balcarres from his diplomatic ease, — endangering, according to the official statement, "public credit," "civil rights," and "the prosperity, if not the very existence, of the country," until they were "persuaded to make peace" at last. They were the Circassians of the New World, but they were black, instead of white; and as the Circassians refused to be transferred from the Sultan to the Czar, so the Maroons refused to be transferred from Spanish dominion to English, and thus their revolt began.

The difference is, that while the white mountaineers numbered four hundred thousand, and only defied Nicholas, the black mountaineers numbered less than two thousand, and defied Cromwell; and while the Circassians, after years of revolt, were at last subdued, the Maroons, on the other hand, who rebelled in 1655, were never conquered, but only made a compromise of allegiance, and exist as a separate race to-day.

When Admirals Penn and Venables landed in Jamaica, in 1655, there was not a remnant left of the sixty thousand natives whom the Spaniards had found there a century and a half before. Their pitiful tale is told only by those caves, still known among the mountains, where thousands of human skeletons strew the ground. In their place dwelt two foreign races, — an effeminate, ignorant, indolent white community of fifteen hundred, with a black slave population quite as large and infinitely more hardy and energetic. The Spaniards were readily subdued by the English: the negroes remained unsubdued. The

slaveholders were banished from the island: the slaves only exiled themselves to the mountains; thence the English could not dislodge them, nor the buccaneers whom the English employed. And when Jamaica subsided into a British colony, and peace was made with Spain, and the children of Cromwell's Puritan soldiers were beginning to grow rich by importing slaves for Roman-Catholic Spaniards, the Maroons still held their own wild empire in the mountains, and, being sturdy heathens every one, practised Obeah rites in approved pagan fashion.

The word Maroon is derived, according to one etymology, from the Spanish word *Marrano*, a wild boar, — these fugitives being all boar-hunters; according to another, from *Marony*, a river separating French and Dutch Guiana, where a colony of them dwelt and still dwells; and by another still, from *Cimarron*, a word meaning untamable, and used alike for apes and runaway slaves. But whether these rebel marauders were regarded as monkeys or men, they made themselves equally

formidable. As early as 1663, the Governor and Council of Jamaica offered to each Maroon, who should surrender, his freedom and twenty acres of land; but not one accepted the terms. During forty years, forty-four Acts of Assembly were passed in respect to them, and at least a quarter of a million pounds sterling were expended in the warfare against them. In 1733, the force employed in this service consisted of two regiments of regular troops, and the whole militia of the island; but the Assembly said that "the Maroons had within a few years greatly increased, notwithstanding all the measures that had been concerted for their suppression," "to the great terror of his Majesty's subjects," and "to the manifest weakening and preventing the further increase of strength and inhabitants of the island."

The special affair in progress, at the time of these statements, was called Cudjoe's War. Cudjoe was a gentleman of extreme brevity and blackness, whose full-length portrait can hardly be said to adorn Dallas's History of

the Maroons; but he was as formidable a guerrilla as Marion. Under his leadership, the various bodies of fugitives were consolidated into one force, and thoroughly organized. Cudjoe, like Schamyl, was religious as well as military head of his people; by Obeah influence he established a thorough freemasonry among both slaves and insurgents; no party could be sent forth by the government, but he knew it in time to lay an ambush, or descend with fire and sword on the region left unprotected. He was thus always supplied with arms and ammunition; and as his men were perfect marksmen, never wasted a shot, and never risked a battle, his forces naturally increased, while those of his opponents were decimated. His men were never captured, and never took a prisoner; it was impossible to tell when they were defeated; in dealing with them, as Pelissier said of the Arabs, "peace was not purchased by victory;" and the only men who could obtain the slightest advantage against them were the imported Mosquito Indians, or the

"Black Shot," a company of Government negroes. For nine full years this particular war continued unchecked, Gen. Williamson ruling Jamaica by day and Cudjoe by night.

The rebels had every topographical advantage, for they held possession of the "Cockpits." Those highlands are furrowed through and through, as by an earthquake, with a series of gaps or ravines, resembling the California cañons, or those similar fissures in various parts of the Atlantic States, known to local fame either poetically as ice-glens, or symbolically as purgatories. These Jamaica chasms vary from two hundred yards to a mile in length; the rocky walls are fifty or a hundred feet high, and often absolutely inaccessible, while the passes at each end admit but one man at a time. They are thickly wooded, wherever trees can grow; water flows within them; and they often communicate with one another, forming a series of traps for an invading force. Tired and thirsty with climbing, the weary soldiers toil on, in single file, without seeing or hearing an enemy; up the steep and winding path they

traverse one "cockpit," then enter another. Suddenly a shot is fired from the dense and sloping forest on the right, then another and another, each dropping its man; the startled troops face hastily in that direction, when a more murderous volley is poured from the other side: the heights above flash with musketry, while the precipitous path by which they came seems to close in fire behind them. By the time the troops have formed in some attempt at military order, the woods around them are empty, and their agile and noiseless foes have settled themselves into ambush again, farther up the defile, ready for a second attack, if needed. But one is usually sufficient; disordered, exhausted, bearing their wounded with them, the soldiers retreat in panic, if permitted to escape at all, and carry fresh dismay to the barracks, the plantations, and the Government House.

It is not strange, then, that high military authorities, at that period, should have pronounced the subjugation of the Maroons a thing more difficult than to obtain a victory over any army in Europe. Moreover, these people were

fighting for their liberty, with which aim no form of warfare seemed to them unjustifiable; and the description given by Lafayette of the American Revolution was true of this one, — "the grandest of causes, won by contests of sentinels and outposts." The utmost hope of a British officer, ordered against the Maroons, was to lay waste a provision-ground, or cut them off from water. But there was little satisfaction in this: the wild-pine leaves and the grapevine-withes supplied the rebels with water; and their plantation-grounds were the wild pineapple and the plantain-groves, and the forests, where the wild boars harbored, and the ringdoves were as easily shot as if they were militiamen. Nothing but sheer weariness of fighting seems to have brought about a truce at last, and then a treaty, between those high contracting parties, Cudjoe and Gen. Williamson.

But how to execute a treaty between these wild Children of the Mist and respectable diplomatic Englishmen? To establish any official relations without the medium of a preliminary bullet, required some ingenuity of

manœuvring. Cudjoe was willing, but inconveniently cautious: he would not come halfway to meet any one; nothing would content him but an interview in his own chosen cockpit. So he selected one of the most difficult passes, posting in the forests a series of outlying parties, to signal with their horns, one by one, the approach of the plenipotentiaries, and then to retire on the main body. Through this line of dangerous sentinels, therefore, Col. Guthrie and his handful of men bravely advanced; horn after horn they heard sounded, but there was no other human noise in the woods, and they had advanced till they saw the smoke of the Maroon huts before they caught a glimpse of a human form.

A conversation was at last opened with the invisible rebels. On their promise of safety, Dr. Russell advanced alone to treat with them; then several Maroons appeared, and finally Cudjoe himself. The formidable chief was not highly military in appearance, being short, fat, humpbacked, dressed in a tattered blue coat without skirts or sleeves, and an old felt hat

without a rim. But if he had blazed with regimental scarlet, he could not have been treated with more distinguished consideration; indeed, in that case, "the exchange of hats" with which Dr. Russell finally volunteered, in Maroon fashion, to ratify negotiations, might have been a less severe test of good fellowship. This fine stroke of diplomacy had its effect, however; the rebel captains agreed to a formal interview with Col. Guthrie and Capt. Sadler, and a treaty was at last executed with all due solemnity, under a large cotton-tree at the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. This treaty recognized the military rank of "Capt. Cudjoe," "Capt. Accompong," and the rest; gave assurance that the Maroons should be "forever hereafter in a perfect state of freedom and liberty;" ceded to them fifteen hundred acres of land; and stipulated only that they should keep the peace, should harbor no fugitive from justice or from slavery, and should allow two white commissioners to remain among them, simply to represent the British Government.

During the following year a separate treaty

was made with another large body of insurgents, called the Windward Maroons. This was not effected, however, until after an unsuccessful military attempt, in which the mountaineers gained a signal triumph. By artful devices, — a few fires left burning with old women to watch them, — a few provision-grounds exposed by clearing away the bushes, — they lured the troops far up among the mountains, and then surprised them by an ambush. The militia all fled, and the regulars took refuge under a large cliff in a stream, where they remained four hours up to their waists in water, until finally they forded the river, under full fire, with terrible loss. Three months after this, however, the Maroons consented to an amicable interview, exchanging hostages first. The position of the white hostage, at least, was not the most agreeable; he complained that he was beset by the women and children with indignant cries of "Buckra, Buckra," while the little boys pointed their fingers at him as if stabbing him, and that with evident relish. However, Capt. Quao, like

Capt. Cudjoe, made a treaty at last; and hats were interchanged, instead of hostages.

Independence being thus won and acknowledged, there was a suspension of hostilities for some years. Among the wild mountains of Jamaica, the Maroons dwelt in a savage freedom. So healthful and beautiful was the situation of their chief town, that the English Government has erected barracks there of late years, as being the most salubrious situation on the island. They breathed an air ten degrees cooler than that inhaled by the white population below; and they lived on a daintier diet, so that the English epicures used to go up among them for good living. The mountaineers caught the strange land-crabs, plodding in companies of millions their sidelong path from mountain to ocean, and from ocean to mountain again. They hunted the wild boars, and prepared the flesh by salting and smoking it in layers of aromatic leaves, the delicious "jerked hog" of buccaneer annals. They reared cattle and poultry, cultivated corn and yams, plantains and cocoas, guavas, and papaws and

mameys, and avocados, and all luxurious West-Indian fruits; the very weeds of their orchards had tropical luxuriance in their fragrance and in their names; and from the doors of their little thatched huts they looked across these gardens of delight to the magnificent lowland forests, and over those again to the faint line of far-off beach, the fainter ocean-horizon, and the illimitable sky.

They had senses like those of American Indians; tracked each other by the smell of the smoke of fires in the air, and called to each other by horns, using a special note to designate each of their comrades, and distinguishing it beyond the range of ordinary hearing. They spoke English diluted with Spanish and African words, and practised Obeah rites quite undiluted with Christianity. Of course they associated largely with the slaves, without any very precise regard to treaty stipulations; sometimes brought in fugitives, and sometimes concealed them; left their towns and settled on the planters' lands when they preferred them: but were quite orderly and luxuriously happy. During

the formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn slaves, in 1760, they played a dubious part. When left to go on their own way, they did something towards suppressing it; but when placed under the guns of the troops, and ordered to fire on those of their own color, they threw themselves on the ground without discharging a shot. Nevertheless, they gradually came up into reputable standing; they grew more and more industrious and steady; and after they had joined very heartily in resisting D'Estaing's threatened invasion of the island in 1779, it became the fashion to speak of "our faithful and affectionate Maroons."

In 1795, their position was as follows: Their numbers had not materially increased, for many had strayed off and settled on the outskirts of plantations; nor materially diminished, for many runaway slaves had joined them; while there were also separate settlements of fugitives, who had maintained their freedom for twenty years. The white superintendents had lived with the Maroons in perfect harmony, without the slightest official authority, but with

a great deal of actual influence. But there was an "irrepressible conflict" behind all this apparent peace, and the slightest occasion might, at any moment, revive all the old terror. That occasion was close at hand.

Capt. Cudjoe and Capt. Accompong, and the other founders of Maroon independence, had passed away; and "Old Montagu" reigned in their stead, in Trelawney Town. Old Montagu had all the pomp and circumstance of Maroon majesty: he wore a laced red coat, and a hat superb with gold lace and plumes; none but captains could sit in his presence; he was helped first at meals, and no woman could eat beside him; he presided at councils as magnificently as at table, though with less appetite; and possessed, meanwhile, not an atom of the love or reverence of any human being. The real power lay entirely with Major James, the white superintendent, who had been brought up among the Maroons by his father (and predecessor), and who was the idol of this wild race. In an evil hour, the Government removed him, and put a certain unpopular Capt. Craskell

in his place; and as there happened to be, about the same time, a great excitement concerning a hopeful pair of young Maroons, who had been seized and publicly whipped on a charge of hog-stealing, their kindred refused to allow the new superintendent to remain in the town. A few attempts at negotiation only brought them to a higher pitch of wrath, which ended in their despatching the following peculiar diplomatic note to the Earl of Balcarres: "The Maroons wishes nothing else from the country but battle, and they desires not to see Mr. Craskell up here at all. So they are waiting every moment for the above on Monday. Mr. David Schaw will see you on Sunday morning for an answer. They will wait till Monday, nine o'clock, and if they don't come up, they will come down themselves." Signed, "Col. Montagu and all the rest."

It turned out, at last, that only two or three of the Maroons were concerned in this remarkable defiance; but meanwhile it had its effect. Several ambassadors were sent among the insurgents, and were so favorably impressed by

their reception as to make up a subscription of money for their hosts, on departing; only the "gallant Col. Gallimore," a Jamaica Camillus, gave iron instead of gold, by throwing some bullets into the contribution-box. And it was probably in accordance with his view of the subject, that, when the Maroons sent ambassadors in return, they were at once imprisoned, most injudiciously and unjustly; and when Old Montagu himself and thirty-seven others, following, were seized and imprisoned also, it is not strange that the Maroons, joined by many slaves, were soon in open insurrection.

Martial law was instantly proclaimed throughout the island. The fighting men among the insurgents were not, perhaps, more than five hundred; against whom the Government could bring nearly fifteen hundred regular troops and several thousand militiamen. Lord Balcarres himself took the command, and, eager to crush the affair, promptly marched a large force up to Trelawney Town, and was glad to march back again as expeditiously as possible. In his very first attack, he was miserably defeated,

and had to fly for his life, amid a perfect panic of the troops, in which some forty or fifty were killed, — including Col. Sandford, commanding the regulars, and the bullet-loving Col. Gallimore, in command of the militia, — while not a single Maroon was even wounded, so far as could be ascertained.

After this a good deal of bush-fighting took place. The troops gradually got possession of several Maroon villages, but not till every hut had been burnt by its owner. It was in the height of the rainy season; and, between fire and water, the discomfort of the soldiers was enormous. Meanwhile the Maroons hovered close around them in the woods, heard all their orders, picked off their sentinels, and, penetrating through their lines at night, burned houses and destroyed plantations far below. The only man who could cope with their peculiar tactics was Major James, the superintendent just removed by Government; and his services were not employed, as he was not trusted. On one occasion, however, he led a volunteer party farther into the mountains than any of the

assailants had yet penetrated, guided by tracks known to himself only, and by the smell of the smoke of Maroon fires. After a very exhausting march, including a climb of a hundred and fifty feet up the face of a precipice, he brought them just within the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. "So far," said he, pointing to the entrance, "you may pursue, but no farther; no force can enter here; no white man except myself, or some soldier of the Maroon establishment, has ever gone beyond this. With the greatest difficulty I have penetrated four miles farther, and not ten Maroons have gone so far as that. There are two other ways of getting into the defile, practicable for the Maroons, but not for any one of you. In neither of them can I ascend or descend with my arms, which must be handed to me, step by step, as practised by the Maroons themselves. One of the ways lies to the eastward, and the other to the westward; and they will take care to have both guarded, if they suspect that I am with you; which, from the route you have come to-day, they will. They now see you, and if you advance fifty

paces more, they will convince you of it." At this moment a Maroon horn sounded the notes indicating his name; and, as he made no answer, a voice was heard, inquiring if he were among them. "If he is," said the voice, "let him go back, we do not wish to hurt him; but as for the rest of you, come on and try battle if you choose." But the gentlemen did not choose.

In September the House of Assembly met. Things were looking worse and worse. For five months a handful of negroes and mulattoes had defied the whole force of the island, and they were defending their liberty by precisely the same tactics through which their ancestors had won it. Half a million pounds sterling had been spent within this time, besides the enormous loss incurred by the withdrawal of so many able-bodied men from their regular employments. "Cultivation was suspended," says an eye-witness; "the courts of law had long been shut up; and the island at large seemed more like a garrison under the power of law-martial, than a country of agriculture and commerce, of civil judicature, industry, and

prosperity." Hundreds of the militia had died of fatigue, large numbers had been shot down, the most daring of the British officers had fallen; while the insurgents had been invariably successful, and not one of them was known to have been killed. Capt. Craskell, the banished superintendent, gave it to the Assembly as his opinion, that the whole slave population of the island was in sympathy with the Maroons, and would soon be beyond control. More alarming still, there were rumors of French emissaries behind the scenes; and though these were explained away, the vague terror remained. Indeed, the lieutenant-governor announced in his message that he had satisfactory evidence that the French Convention was concerned in the revolt. A French prisoner, named Murenson, had testified that the French agent at Philadelphia (Fauchet) had secretly sent a hundred and fifty emissaries to the island, and threatened to land fifteen hundred negroes. And though Murenson took it all back at last, yet the Assembly was moved to make a new offer of three hundred dollars for killing or

taking a Trelawney Maroon, and a hundred and fifty dollars for killing or taking any fugitive slave who had joined them. They also voted five hundred pounds as a gratuity to the Accompong tribe of Maroons, who had thus far kept out of the insurrection; and various prizes and gratuities were also offered by the different parishes, with the same object of self-protection.

The commander-in-chief being among the killed, Col. Walpole was promoted in his stead, and brevetted as general, by way of incentive. He found a people in despair, a soldiery thoroughly intimidated, and a treasury not empty, but useless. But the new general had not served against the Maroons for nothing, and was not ashamed to go to school to his opponents. First, he waited for the dry season; then he directed all his efforts towards cutting off his opponents from water; and, most effectual move of all, he attacked each successive cockpit by dragging up a howitzer, with immense labor, and throwing in shells. Shells were a visitation not dreamed

of in Maroon philosophy, and their quaint compliments to their new opponent remain on record. "Damn dat little buckra!" they said, "he cunning more dan dem toder. Dis here da new fashion for fight: him fire big ball arter you, and when big ball 'top, de damn sunting [something] fire arter you again." With which Parthian arrows of rhetoric the mountaineers retreated.

But this did not last long. The Maroons soon learned to keep out of the way of the shells, and the island relapsed into terror again. It was deliberately resolved at last, by a special council convoked for the purpose, "to persuade the rebels to make peace." But as they had not as yet shown themselves very accessible to softer influences, it was thought best to combine as many arguments as possible, and a certain Col. Quarrell had hit upon a wholly new one. His plan simply was, since men, however well disciplined, had proved powerless against Maroons, to try a Spanish fashion against them, and use dogs. The proposition was met, in some quarters, with

the strongest hostility. England, it was said, had always denounced the Spaniards as brutal and dastardly for hunting down the natives of that very soil with hounds; and should England now follow the humiliating example? On the other side, there were plenty who eagerly quoted all known instances of zoölogical warfare: all Oriental nations, for instance, used elephants in war, and, no doubt, would gladly use lions and tigers also, but for their extreme carnivorousness, and their painful indifference to the distinction between friend and foe; why not, then, use these dogs, comparatively innocent and gentle creatures? At any rate, "something must be done;" the final argument always used, when a bad or desperate project is to be made palatable. So it was voted at last to send to Havana for an invoice of Spanish dogs, with their accompanying chasseurs; and the efforts at persuading the Maroons were postponed till the arrival of these additional persuasives. And when Col. Quarrell finally set sail as commissioner to obtain the new allies, all scruples of conscience

vanished in the renewal of public courage and the chorus of popular gratitude; a thing so desirable must be right; thrice they were armed who knew their Quarrell just.

But after the parting notes of gratitude died away in the distance, the commissioner began to discover that he was to have a hard time of it. He sailed for Havana in a schooner manned with Spanish renegadoes, who insisted on fighting every thing that came in their way, — first a Spanish schooner, then a French one. He landed at Batabano, struck across the mountains towards Havana, stopped at Besucal to call on the wealthy Marquesa de San Felipe y San Jorge, grand patroness of dogs and chasseurs, and finally was welcomed to Havana by Don Luis de las Casas, who overlooked, for this occasion only, an injunction of his court against admitting foreigners within his government; "the only accustomed exception being," as Don Luis courteously assured him, "in favor of foreign traders who came with new negroes." To be sure, the commissioner had not brought any of these commodi-

ties; but then he had come to obtain the means of capturing some, and so might pass for an irregular practitioner of the privileged profession.

Accordingly, Don Guillermo Dawes Quarrell (so ran his passport) found no difficulty in obtaining permission from the governor to buy as many dogs as he desired. When, however, he carelessly hinted at the necessity of taking, also, a few men who should have care of the dogs, — this being, after all, the essential part of his expedition, — Don Luis de las Casas put on instantly a double force of courtesy, and assured him of the entire impossibility of recruiting a single Spaniard for English service. Finally, however, he gave permission and passports for six chasseurs. Under cover of this, the commissioner lost no time in enlisting forty; he got them safe to Batabano; but at the last moment, learning the state of affairs, they refused to embark on such very irregular authority. When he had persuaded them, at length, the officer of the fort interposed objections. This was not to be borne,

so Don Guillermo bribed him and silenced him; a dragoon was, however, sent to report to the governor; Don Guillermo sent a messenger after him, and bribed him too; and thus at length, after myriad rebuffs, and after being obliged to spend the last evening at a puppet-show in which the principal figure was a burlesque on his own personal peculiarities, the weary Don Guillermo, with his crew of renegadoes, and his forty chasseurs and their one hundred and four muzzled dogs, set sail for Jamaica.

These new allies were certainly something formidable, if we may trust the pictures and descriptions in Dallas's History. The chasseur was a tall, meagre, swarthy Spaniard or mulatto, lightly clad in cotton shirt and drawers, with broad straw hat, and moccasins of raw-hide; his belt sustaining his long, straight, flat sword or *machete*, like an iron bar sharpened at one end; and he wore by the same belt three cotton leashes for his three dogs, sometimes held also by chains. The dogs were a fierce breed, crossed between hound

and mastiff, never unmuzzled but for attack, and accompanied by smaller dogs called *finders*. It is no wonder, when these wild and powerful creatures were landed at Montego Bay, that terror ran through the town, doors were everywhere closed, and windows crowded; not a negro dared to stir; and the muzzled dogs, infuriated by confinement on shipboard, filled the silent streets with their noisy barking and the rattling of their chains.

How much would have come of all this in actual conflict, does not appear. The Maroons had already been persuaded to make peace upon certain conditions and guaranties, — a decision probably accelerated by the terrible rumors of the bloodhounds, though they never saw them. It was the declared opinion of the Assembly, confirmed by that of Gen. Walpole, that "nothing could be clearer than that, if they had been off the island, the rebels could not have been induced to surrender." Nevertheless, a treaty was at last made, without the direct intervention of the quadrupeds. Again commissioners went up among the

mountains to treat with negotiators at first invisible; again were hats and jackets interchanged, not without coy reluctance on the part of the well-dressed Englishmen; and a solemn agreement was effected. The most essential part of the bargain was a guaranty of continued independence, demanded by the suspicious Maroons. Gen. Walpole, however, promptly pledged himself that no such unfair advantage should be taken of them as had occurred with the hostages previously surrendered, who were placed in irons; nor should any attempt be made to remove them from the island. It is painful to add, that this promise was outrageously violated by the Colonial Government, to the lasting grief of Gen. Walpole, on the ground that the Maroons had violated the treaty by a slight want of punctuality in complying with its terms, and by remissness in restoring the fugitive slaves who had taken refuge among them. As many of the tribe as surrendered, therefore, were at once placed in confinement, and ultimately shipped from Port Royal to Halifax, to the number of six

hundred, on the 6th of June, 1796. For the credit of English honor, we rejoice to know that Gen. Walpole not merely protested against this utter breach of faith, but indignantly declined the sword of honor which the Assembly had voted him, in its gratitude, and then retired from military service forever.

The remaining career of this portion of the Maroons is easily told. They were first dreaded by the inhabitants of Halifax, then welcomed when seen, and promptly set to work on the citadel, then in process of reconstruction, where the "Maroon Bastion" still remains, — their only visible memorial. Two commissioners had charge of them, one being the redoubtable Col. Quarrell; and twenty-five thousand pounds were appropriated for their temporary support. Of course they did not prosper; pensioned colonists never do, for they are not compelled into habits of industry. After their delicious life in the mountains of Jamaica, it seemed rather monotonous to dwell upon that barren soil, — for theirs was such that two previous colonies had deserted it, —

and in a climate where winter lasts seven months in the year. They had a schoolmaster, and he was also a preacher; but they did not seem to appreciate that luxury of civilization, utterly refusing, on grounds of conscience, to forsake polygamy, and, on grounds of personal comfort, to listen to the doctrinal discourses of their pastor, who was an ardent Sandemanian. They smoked their pipes during service time, and left Old Montagu, who still survived, to lend a vicarious attention to the sermon. One discourse he briefly reported as follows, very much to the point: "Massa parson say no mus tief, no mus meddle wid somebody wife, no mus quarrel, mus set down softly." So they sat down very softly, and showed an extreme unwillingness to get up again. But, not being naturally an idle race, — at least, in Jamaica the objection lay rather on the other side, — they soon grew tired of this inaction. Distrustful of those about them, suspicious of all attempts to scatter them among the community at large, frozen by the climate, and constantly petitioning for removal to a milder one, they finally

wearied out all patience. A long dispute ensued between the authorities of Nova Scotia and Jamaica, as to which was properly responsible for their support; and thus the heroic race, that for a century and a half had sustained themselves in freedom in Jamaica, were reduced to the position of troublesome and impracticable paupers, shuttlecocks between two selfish parishes. So passed their unfortunate lives, until, in 1800, their reduced population was transported to Sierra Leone, at a cost of six thousand pounds; since which they disappear from history.

It was judged best not to interfere with those bodies of Maroons which had kept aloof from the late outbreak, at the Accompong settlement, and elsewhere. They continued to preserve a qualified independence, and retain it even now. In 1835, two years after the abolition of slavery in Jamaica, there were reported sixty families of Maroons as residing at Accompong Town, eighty families at Moore Town, one hundred and ten families at Charles Town, and twenty families at Scott Hall,

making two hundred and seventy families in all, — each station being, as of old, under the charge of a superintendent. But there can be little doubt, that, under the influences of freedom, they are rapidly intermingling with the mass of colored population in Jamaica.

The story of the exiled Maroons attracted attention in high quarters, in its time: the wrongs done to them were denounced in Parliament by Sheridan, and mourned by Wilberforce; while the employment of blood-hounds against them was vindicated by Dundas, and the whole conduct of the Colonial Government defended, through thick and thin, by Bryan Edwards. This thorough partisan even had the assurance to tell Mr. Wilberforce, in Parliament, that he knew the Maroons, from personal knowledge, to be cannibals, and that, if a missionary were sent among them in Nova Scotia, they would immediately eat him; a charge so absurd that he did not venture to repeat it in his History of the West Indies, though his injustice to the Maroons is even there so glaring as to provoke the indignation

of the more moderate Dallas. But, in spite of Mr. Edwards, the public indignation ran quite high in England, against the bloodhounds and their employers, so that the home ministry found it necessary to send a severe reproof to the Colonial Government. For a few years the tales of the Maroons thus emerged from mere colonial annals, and found their way into annual registers and parliamentary debates; but they have long since vanished from popular memory. Their record still retains its interest, however, as that of one of the heroic races of the world; and all the more, because it is with their kindred that the American nation has to deal, in solving one of the most momentous problems of its future career.

THE MAROONS OF SURINAM.

WHEN that eccentric individual, Capt. John Gabriel Stedman, resigned his commission in the English Navy, took the oath of abjuration, and was appointed ensign in the Scots brigade employed for two centuries by Holland, he little knew that "their High Mightinesses the States of the United Provinces" would send him out, within a year, to the forests of Guiana, to subdue rebel negroes. He never imagined that the year 1773 would behold him beneath the rainy season in a tropical country, wading through marshes and splashing through lakes, exploring with his feet for submerged paths, commanding impracticable troops, and commanded by an insufferable colonel, feeding on greegree worms and fed upon by mosquitos, howled at by jaguars, hissed at by serpents, and shot at by those exceedingly

unattainable gentlemen, "still longed for, never seen," the Maroons of Surinam.

Yet, as our young ensign sailed up the Surinam River, the world of tropic beauty came upon him with enchantment. Dark, moist verdure was close around him, rippling waters below; the tall trees of the jungle and the low mangroves beneath were all hung with long vines and lianas, a maze of cordage, like a fleet at anchor; lithe monkeys travelled ceaselessly up and down these airy paths, in armies, bearing their young, like knapsacks, on their backs; macaws and humming-birds, winged jewels, flew from tree to tree. As they neared Paramaribo, the river became a smooth canal among luxuriant plantations; the air was perfumed music, redolent of orange-blossoms and echoing with the songs of birds and the sweet plash of oars; gay barges came forth to meet them; "while groups of naked boys and girls were promiscuously playing and flouncing, like so many tritons and mermaids, in the water." And when the troops disembarked, — five hundred fine young men, the oldest not thirty, all arrayed

in new uniforms and bearing orange-flowers in their caps, a bridal wreath for beautiful Guiana, — it is no wonder that the Creole ladies were in ecstasy; and the boyish recruits little foresaw the day, when, reduced to a few dozens, barefooted and ragged as filibusters, their last survivors would gladly re-embark from a country beside which even Holland looked dry and even Scotland comfortable.

For over all that earthly paradise there brooded not alone its terrible malaria, its days of fever and its nights of deadly chill, but the worse shadows of oppression and of sin, which neither day nor night could banish. The first object which met Stedman's eye, as he stepped on shore, was the figure of a young girl stripped to receive two hundred lashes, and chained to a hundred-pound weight. And the few first days gave a glimpse into a state of society worthy of this exhibition, — men without mercy, women without modesty, the black man a slave to the white man's passions, and the white man a slave to his own. The later West-Indian society in its worst forms is probably a mere

dilution of the utter profligacy of those early days. Greek or Roman decline produced nothing more debilitating or destructive than the ordinary life of a Surinam planter, and his one virtue of hospitality only led to more unbridled excesses and completed the work of vice. No wonder that Stedman himself, who, with all his peculiarities, was essentially simple and manly, soon became disgusted, and made haste to get into the woods and cultivate the society of the Maroons.

The rebels against whom this expedition was sent were not the original Maroons of Surinam, but a later generation. The originals had long since established their independence, and their leaders were flourishing their honorary silver-mounted canes in the streets of Paramaribo. Fugitive negroes had begun to establish themselves in the woods from the time when the colony was finally ceded by the English to the Dutch, in 1674. The first open outbreak occurred in 1726, when the plantations on the Seramica River revolted; it was found impossible to subdue them, and the government very

imprudently resolved to make an example of eleven captives, and thus terrify the rest of the rebels. They were tortured to death, eight of the eleven being women: this drove the others to madness, and plantation after plantation was visited with fire and sword. After a long conflict, their chief, Adoe, was induced to make a treaty, in 1749. The rebels promised to keep the peace, and in turn were promised freedom, money, tools, clothes, and, finally, arms and ammunition.

But no permanent peace was ever made upon a barrel of gunpowder as a basis; and, of course, an explosion followed this one. The colonists naturally evaded the last item of the bargain; and the rebels, receiving the gifts, and remarking the omission of the part of Hamlet, asked contemptuously if the Europeans expected negroes to subsist on combs and looking-glasses? New hostilities at once began; a new body of slaves on the Ouca River revolted; the colonial government was changed in consequence, and fresh troops shipped from Holland; and after four different embassies

had been sent into the woods, the rebels began to listen to reason. The black generals, Capt. Araby and Capt. Boston, agreed upon a truce for a year, during which the colonial government might decide for peace or war, the Maroons declaring themselves indifferent. Finally the government chose peace, delivered ammunition, and made a treaty, in 1761; the white and black plenipotentiaries exchanged English oaths and then negro oaths, each tasting a drop of the other's blood during the latter ceremony, amid a volley of remarkable incantations from the black *gadoman* or priest. After some final skirmishes, in which the rebels almost always triumphed, the treaty was at length accepted by all the various villages of Maroons. Had they known that at this very time five thousand slaves in Berbice were just rising against their masters, and were looking to them for assistance, the result might have been different; but this fact had not reached them, nor had the rumors of insurrection in Brazil among negro and Indian slaves. They consented, therefore, to the peace. "They

write from Surinam," says the "Annual Register" for Jan. 23, 1761, "that the Dutch governor, finding himself unable to subdue the rebel negroes of that country by force, hath wisely followed the example of Gov. Trelawney at Jamaica, and concluded an amicable treaty with them; in consequence of which, all the negroes of the woods are acknowledged to be free, and all that is passed is buried in oblivion." So ended a war of thirty-six years; and in Stedman's day the original three thousand Ouca and Seramica Maroons had multiplied, almost incredibly, to fifteen thousand.

But for those slaves not sharing in this revolt it was not so easy to "bury the whole past in oblivion." The Maroons had told some very plain truths to the white ambassadors, and had frankly advised them, if they wished for peace, to mend their own manners and treat their chattels humanely. But the planters learned nothing by experience, — and, indeed, the terrible narrations of Stedman were confirmed by those of Alexander, so lately as 1831. Of course, therefore, in a colony comprising eighty

thousand blacks to four thousand whites, other revolts were stimulated by the success of this one. They reached their highest point in 1772, when an insurrection on the Cottica River, led by a negro named Baron, almost gave the finishing blow to the colony; the only adequate protection being found in a body of slaves liberated expressly for that purpose, — a dangerous and humiliating precedent. "We have been obliged to set three or four hundred of our stoutest negroes free to defend us," says an honest letter from Surinam, in the "Annual Register" for Sept. 5, 1772. Fortunately for the safety of the planters, Baron presumed too much upon his numbers, and injudiciously built a camp too near the seacoast, in a marshy fastness, from which he was finally ejected by twelve hundred Dutch troops, though the chief work was done, Stedman thinks, by the "black rangers" or liberated slaves. Checked by this defeat, he again drew back into the forests, resuming his guerrilla warfare against the plantations. Nothing could dislodge him; bloodhounds were proposed, but the moisture of the

country made them useless: and thus matters stood when Stedman came sailing, amid orange-blossoms and music, up the winding Surinam.

Our young officer went into the woods in the condition of Falstaff, "heinously unprovided." Coming from the unbounded luxury of the plantations, he found himself entering "the most horrid and impenetrable forests, where no kind of refreshment was to be had," — he being provisioned only with salt pork and pease. After a wail of sorrow for this inhuman neglect, he bursts into a gush of gratitude for the private generosity which relieved his wants at the last moment by the following list of supplies: "24 bottles best claret, 12 ditto Madeira, 12 ditto porter, 12 ditto cider, 12 ditto rum, 2 large loaves white sugar, 2 gallons brandy, 6 bottles muscadel, 2 gallons lemon-juice, 2 gallons ground coffee, 2 large Westphalia hams, 2 salted bullocks' tongues, 1 bottle Durham mustard, 6 dozen spermaceti candles." The hams and tongues seem, indeed, rather a poor halfpennyworth to this intolerable deal of sack; but this instance of Surinam privation in

those days may open some glimpse at the colonial standards of comfort. "From this specimen," moralizes our hero, "the reader will easily perceive, that, if some of the inhabitants of Surinam show themselves the disgrace of the creation by their cruelties and brutality, others, by their social feelings, approve themselves an ornament to the human species. With this instance of virtue and generosity I therefore conclude this chapter."

But the troops soon had to undergo worse troubles than those of the commissariat. The rainy season had just set in. "As for the negroes," said Mr. Klynhaus, the last planter with whom they parted, "you may depend on never seeing a soul of them, unless they attack you off guard; but the climate, the climate, will murder you all." Bringing with them constitutions already impaired by the fevers and dissipation of Paramaribo, the poor boys began to perish long before they began to fight. Wading in water all day, hanging their hammocks over water at night, it seemed a moist existence, even compared with the climate of Eng-

land and the soil of Holland. It was a case of "Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate," even more than Andrew Marvell found it in the United Provinces. In fact, Raynal evidently thinks that nothing but Dutch experience in hydraulics could ever have cultivated Surinam.

The two gunboats which held one division of the expedition were merely old sugar-barges, roofed over with boards, and looking like coffins. They were pleasantly named the "Charon" and the "Cerberus," but Stedman thought that the "Sudden Death" and the "Wilful Murder" would have been titles more appropriate. The chief duty of the troops consisted in lying at anchor at the intersections of wooded streams, waiting for rebels who never came. It was dismal work, and the raw recruits were full of the same imaginary terrors which have haunted other heroes less severely tested: the monkeys never rattled the cocoa-nuts against the trees, but they all heard the axes of Maroon wood-choppers; and when a sentinel declared, one night, that he had seen a negro go down the

river in a canoe, with his pipe lighted, the whole force was called to arms — against a firefly. In fact, the insect race brought by far the most substantial dangers. The rebels eluded the military, but the chigres, locusts, scorpions, and bush-spiders were ever ready to come half-way to meet them; likewise serpents and alligators proffered them the freedom of the forests, and exhibited a hospitality almost excessive. Snakes twenty feet long hung their seductive length from the trees; jaguars volunteered their society through almost impenetrable marshes; vampire bats perched by night with lulling endearments upon the toes of the soldiers. When Stedman describes himself as killing thirty-eight mosquitoes at one stroke, we must perhaps pardon something to the spirit of martyrdom. But when we add to these the other woes of his catalogue, — prickly-heat, ringworm, putrid-fever, "the growling of Col. Fougeaud, dry sandy savannas, unfordable marshes, burning hot days, cold and damp nights, heavy rains, and short allowance," — we can hardly wonder

that three captains died in a month, and that in two months his detachment of forty-two was reduced to a miserable seven.

Yet, through all this, Stedman himself kept his health. His theory of the matter almost recalls the time-honored prescription of "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches," for he attributes his good condition to his keeping up his spirits and kicking off his shoes. Daily bathing in the river had also something to do with it; and, indeed, hydropathy was first learned of the West-India Maroons, — who did their "packing" in wet clay, — and was carried by Dr. Wright to England. But his extraordinary personal qualities must have contributed most to his preservation. Never did a "meagre, starved, black, burnt, and ragged tatterdemalion," as he calls himself, carry about him such a fund of sentiment, philosophy, poetry, and art. He had a great faculty for sketching, as the engravings in his volumes, with all their odd peculiarities, show; his deepest woes he coined always into couplets, and fortified himself against hopeless

despair with Ovid and Valerius Flaccus, Pope's Homer and Thomson's "Seasons." Above all reigned his passion for natural history, a ready balm for every ill. Here he was never wanting to the occasion; and, to do justice to Dutch Guiana, the occasion never was wanting to him. Were his men sickening, the peccaries were always healthy without the camp, and the cockroaches within; just escaping from a she-jaguar, he satisfies himself, ere he flees, that the print of her claws on the sand is precisely the size of a pewter dinner-plate; bitten by a scorpion, he makes sure of a scientific description in case he should expire of the bite; is the water undrinkable, there is at least some rational interest in the number of legs possessed by the centipedes which pre-occupy it. This is the highest triumph of man over his accidents, when he thus turns his pains to gains, and becomes an entomologist in the tropics.

Meanwhile the rebels kept their own course in the forests, and occasionally descended upon plantations beside the very river on whose

upper waters the useless troops were sickening and dying. Stedman himself made several campaigns, with long intervals of illness, before he came any nearer to the enemy than to burn a deserted village or destroy a rice-field. Sometimes they left the "Charon" and the "Cerberus" moored by grape-vines to the pine-trees, and made expeditions into the woods, single file. Our ensign, true to himself, gives the minutest schedule of the order of march, and the oddest little diagram of manikins with cocked hats, and blacker manikins bearing burdens. First, negroes with bill-hooks to clear the way; then the van-guard; then the main body, interspersed with negroes bearing boxes of ball-cartridges; then the rear-guard, with many more negroes, bearing camp-equipage, provisions, and new rum, surnamed "kill-devil," and appropriately followed by a sort of palanquin for the disabled. Thus arrayed, they marched valorously forth into the woods, to some given point; then they turned, marched back to the boats, then rowed back to camp, and straightway went into the hospital. Immediately upon

this, the coast being clear, Baron and his rebels marched out again, and proceeded to business.

In the course of years, these Maroons had acquired their own peculiar tactics. They built stockaded fortresses on marshy islands, accessible by fords which they alone could traverse. These they defended further by sharp wooden pins, or crows'-feet, concealed beneath the surface of the miry ground, — and, latterly, by the more substantial protection of cannon, which they dragged into the woods, and learned to use. Their bush-fighting was unique. Having always more men than weapons, they arranged their warriors in threes, — one to use the musket, another to take his place if wounded or slain, and a third to drag away the body. They had Indian stealthiness and swiftness, with more than Indian discipline; discharged their fire with some approach to regularity, in three successive lines, the signals being given by the captain's horn. They were full of ingenuity: marked their movements for each other by scattered leaves and blazed trees; ran zigzag, to dodge bullets; gave wooden guns

to their unarmed men, to frighten the plantation negroes on their guerrilla expeditions; and borrowed the red caps of the black rangers whom they slew, to bewilder the aim of the others. One of them, finding himself close to the muzzle of a ranger's gun, threw up his hand hastily. "What!" he exclaimed, "will you fire on one of your own party?" "God forbid!" cried the ranger, dropping his piece, and was instantly shot through the body by the Maroon, who the next instant had disappeared in the woods.

These rebels were no saints: their worship was obi-worship; the women had not far outgrown the plantation standard of chastity, and the men drank "kill-devil" like their betters. Stedman was struck with the difference between the meaning of the word "good" in rebellious circles and in reputable. "It must, however, be observed, that what we Europeans call a good character was by the Africans looked upon as detestable, especially by those born in the woods, whose only crime consisted in avenging the wrongs done to their forefathers." But if

martial virtues be virtues, such were theirs. Not a rebel ever turned traitor or informer, ever flinched in battle or under torture, ever violated a treaty or even a private promise. But it was their power of endurance which was especially astounding; Stedman is never weary of paying tribute to this, or of illustrating it in sickening detail; indeed, the records of the world show nothing to surpass it; "the lifted axe, the agonizing wheel," proved powerless to subdue it; with every limb lopped, every bone broken, the victims yet defied their tormentors, laughed, sang, and died triumphant.

Of course they repaid these atrocities in kind. If they had not, it would have demonstrated the absurd paradox, that slavery educates higher virtues than freedom. It bewilders all the relations of human responsibility, if we expect the insurrectionary slave to commit no outrages; if slavery has not depraved him, it has done him little harm. If it be the normal tendency of bondage to produce saints like Uncle Tom, let us all offer ourselves at auction immediately. It is Cassy and Dred who are

the normal protest of human nature against systems which degrade it. Accordingly, these poor, ignorant Maroons, who had seen their brothers and sisters flogged, burned, mutilated, hanged on iron hooks, broken on the wheel, and had been all the while solemnly assured that this was paternal government, could only repay the paternalism in the same fashion, when they had the power. Stedman saw a negro chained to a red-hot distillery-furnace; he saw disobedient slaves, in repeated instances, punished by the amputation of a leg, and sent to boat-service for the rest of their lives; and of course the rebels borrowed these suggestions. They could bear to watch their captives expire under the lash, for they had previously watched their parents. If the government rangers received twenty-five florins for every rebel right-hand which they brought in, of course they risked their own right hands in the pursuit. The difference was, that the one brutality was that of a mighty state, and the other was only the retaliation of the victims. And after all, Stedman never ven-

tures to assert that the imitation equalled the original, or that the Maroons had inflicted nearly so much as they had suffered.

The leaders of the rebels, especially, were men who had each his own story of wrongs to tell. Baron, the most formidable, had been the slave of a Swedish gentleman, who had taught him to read and write, taken him to Europe, promised to manumit him on his return — and then, breaking his word, sold him to a Jew. Baron refused to work for his new master, was publicly flogged under the gallows, fled to the woods next day, and became the terror of the colony. Joli Cœur, his first captain, was avenging the cruel wrongs of his mother. Bonny, another leader, was born in the woods, his mother having taken refuge there just previously, to escape from his father, who was also his master. Cojo, another, had defended his master against the insurgents until he was obliged by ill usage to take refuge among them; and he still bore upon his wrist, when Stedman saw him, a silver band, with the inscription, — "True to the

Europeans." In dealing with wrongs like these, Mr. Carlyle would have found the despised negroes quite as ready as himself to take the total-abstinence pledge against rose-water.

In his first two-months' campaign, Stedman never saw the trace of a Maroon; in the second, he once came upon their trail; in the third, one captive was brought in, two surrendered themselves voluntarily, and a large party was found to have crossed a river within a mile of the camp, ferrying themselves on palm-trunks, according to their fashion. Deep swamps and scorching sands, toiling through briers all day, and sleeping at night in hammocks suspended over stagnant water, with weapons supported on sticks crossed beneath, — all this was endured for two years and a half, before Stedman personally came in sight of the enemy.

On Aug. 20, 1775, the troops found themselves at last in the midst of the rebel settlements. These villages and forts bore a variety of expressive names, such as "Hide me. O

thou surrounding verdure," "I shall be taken," "The woods lament for me," "Disturb me, if you dare," "Take a tasting, if you like it," "Come, try me, if you be men," "God knows me, and none else," "I shall moulder before I shall be taken." Some were only plantation-grounds with a few huts, and were easily laid waste; but all were protected more or less by their mere situations. Quagmires surrounded them, covered by a thin crust of verdure, sometimes broken through by one man's weight, when the victim sank hopelessly into the black and bottomless depths below. In other directions there was a solid bottom, but inconveniently covered by three or four feet of water, through which the troops waded breast-deep, holding their muskets high in the air, unable to reload them when once discharged, and liable to be picked off by rebel scouts, who ingeniously posted themselves in the tops of palm-trees.

Through this delectable region Col. Fougeaud and his followers slowly advanced, drawing near the fatal shore where Capt. Meyland's

detachment had just been defeated, and where their mangled remains still polluted the beach. Passing this point of danger without attack, they suddenly met a small party of rebels, each bearing on his back a beautifully woven hamper of snow-white rice: these loads they threw down, and disappeared. Next appeared an armed body from the same direction, who fired upon them once, and swiftly retreated; and in a few moments the soldiers came upon a large field of standing rice, beyond which lay, like an amphitheatre, the rebel village. But between the village and the field had been piled successive defences of logs and branches, behind which simple redoubts the Maroons lay concealed. A fight ensued, lasting forty minutes, during which nearly every soldier and ranger was wounded; but, to their great amazement, not one was killed. This was an enigma to them until after the skirmish, when the surgeon found that most of them had been struck, not by bullets, but by various substitutes, such as pebbles, coat-buttons, and bits of silver coin, which had penetrated only skin deep. "We

also observed that several of the poor rebel negroes, who had been shot, had only the shards of Spa-water cans instead of flints, which could seldom do execution; and it was certainly owing to these circumstances that we came off so well."

The rebels at length retreated, first setting fire to their village; a hundred or more lightly built houses, some of them two stories high, were soon in flames; and as this conflagration occupied the only neck of land between two impassable morasses, the troops were unable to follow, and the Maroons had left nothing but rice-fields to be pillaged. That night the military force was encamped in the woods; their ammunition was almost gone, so they were ordered to lie flat on the ground, even in case of attack; they could not so much as build a fire. Before midnight an attack was made on them, partly with bullets, and partly with words. The Maroons were all around them in the forest, but their object was a puzzle; they spent most of the night in bandying compliments with the black rangers, whom they alter-

nately denounced, ridiculed, and challenged to single combat. At last Fougeaud and Stedman joined in the conversation, and endeavored to make this midnight volley of talk the occasion for a treaty. This was received with inextinguishable laughter, which echoed through the woods like a concert of screech-owls, ending in a *charivari* of horns and hallooing. The colonel, persisting, offered them "life, liberty, victuals, drink, and all they wanted;" in return, they ridiculed him unmercifully. He was a half-starved Frenchman, who had run away from his own country, and would soon run away from theirs; they profoundly pitied him and his soldiers; they would scorn to spend powder on such scarecrows; they would rather feed and clothe them, as being poor white slaves, hired to be shot at, and starved for fourpence a day. But as for the planters, overseers, and rangers, they should die, every one of them, and Bonny should be governor of the colony. "After this, they tinkled their bill-hooks, fired a volley, and gave three cheers; which, being answered by the rangers, the clamor ended,

and the rebels dispersed with the rising sun."

Very aimless nonsense it certainly appeared. But the next day put a new aspect on it; for it was found, that, under cover of all this noise, the Maroons had been busily occupied all night, men, women, and children, in preparing and filling great hampers of the finest rice, yams, and cassava, from the adjacent provision-grounds, to be used for subsistence during their escape, leaving only chaff and refuse for the hungry soldiers. "This was certainly such a masterly trait of generalship in a savage people, whom we affected to despise, as would have done honor to any European commander."

From this time the Maroons fulfilled their threats. Shooting down without mercy every black ranger who came within their reach, — one of these rangers being, in Stedman's estimate, worth six white soldiers, — they left Col. Fougeaud and his regulars to die of starvation and fatigue. The enraged colonel, "finding himself thus foiled by a naked negro, swore he

would pursue Bonny to the world's end." But he never got any nearer than to Bonny's kitchen-gardens. He put the troops on half-allowance, sent back for provisions and ammunition, — and within ten days changed his mind, and retreated to the settlements in despair. Soon after, this very body of rebels, under Bonny's leadership, plundered two plantations in the vicinity, and nearly captured a powder-magazine, which was, however, successfully defended by some armed slaves.

For a year longer these expeditions continued. The troops never gained a victory, and they lost twenty men for every rebel killed; but they gradually checked the plunder of plantations, destroyed villages and planting-grounds, and drove the rebels, for the time at least, into the deeper recesses of the woods, or into the adjacent province of Cayenne. They had the slight satisfaction of burning Bonny's own house, a two-story wooden hut, built in the fashion of our frontier guard-houses. They often took single prisoners, — some child, born and bred in the woods, and

frightened equally by the first sight of a white man and of a cow, — or some warrior, who, on being threatened with torture, stretched forth both hands in disdain, and said, with Indian eloquence, "These hands have made tigers tremble." As for Stedman, he still went barefooted, still quarrelled with his colonel, still sketched the scenery and described the reptiles, still reared greegree worms for his private kitchen, still quoted good poetry and wrote execrable, still pitied all the sufferers around him, black, white, and red, until finally he and his comrades were ordered back to Holland in 1776.

Among all that wasted regiment of weary and broken-down men, there was probably no one but Stedman who looked backward with longing as they sailed down the lovely Surinam. True, he bore all his precious collections with him, — parrots and butterflies, drawings on the backs of old letters, and journals kept on bones and cartridges. But he had left behind him a dearer treasure; for there runs through all his eccentric narrative a single thread of pure

romance, in his love for his beautiful quadroon wife and his only son.

Within a month after his arrival in the colony, our susceptible ensign first saw Joanna, a slave-girl of fifteen, at the house of an intimate friend. Her extreme beauty and modesty first fascinated him, and then her piteous narrative, — for she was the daughter of a planter, who had just gone mad and died in despair from the discovery that he could not legally emancipate his own children from slavery. Soon after, Stedman was dangerously ill, was neglected and alone; fruits and cordials were anonymously sent to him, which proved at last to have come from Joanna; and she came herself, ere long, and nursed him, grateful for the visible sympathy he had shown to her. This completed the conquest; the passionate young Englishman, once recovered, loaded her with presents which she refused; talked of purchasing her, and educating her in Europe, which she also declined as burdening him too greatly; and finally, amid the ridicule of all good society in Paramaribo, surmounted

all legal obstacles, and was united to the beautiful girl in honorable marriage. He provided a cottage for her, where he spent his furloughs, in perfect happiness, for four years.

The simple idyl of their loves was unbroken by any stain or disappointment, and yet always shadowed with the deepest anxiety for the future. Though treated with the utmost indulgence, she was legally a slave, and so was the boy of whom she became the mother. Cojo, her uncle, was a captain among the rebels against whom her husband fought. And up to the time when Stedman was ordered back to Holland, he was unable to purchase her freedom; nor could he, until the very last moment, procure the emancipation of his boy. His perfect delight at this last triumph, when obtained, elicited some satire from his white friends. "While the well-thinking few highly applauded my sensibility, many not only blamed but publicly derided me for my paternal affection, which was called a weakness, a whim." "Nearly forty beautiful boys and girls were left to perpetual slavery by their parents

of my acquaintance, and many of them without being so much as once inquired after at all."

But Stedman was a true-hearted fellow, if his sentiment did sometimes run to rodomontade; he left his Joanna only in the hope that a year or two in Europe would repair his ruined fortunes, and he could return to treat himself to the purchase of his own wedded wife. He describes, with unaffected pathos, their parting scene, — though, indeed, there were several successive partings, — and closes the description in a characteristic manner: "My melancholy having surpassed all description, I at last determined to weather one or two painful years in her absence; and in the afternoon went to dissipate my mind at a Mr. Roux' cabinet of Indian curiosities; where, as my eye chanced to fall on a rattlesnake, I will, before I leave the colony, describe this dangerous reptile."

It was impossible to write the history of the Maroons of Surinam except through the biography of our ensign (at last promoted captain), because nearly all we know of them is through his quaint and picturesque narrative, with its

profuse illustrations by his own hand. It is not fair, therefore, to end without chronicling his safe arrival in Holland, on June 3, 1777. It is a remarkable fact, that, after his life in the woods, even the Dutch looked slovenly to his eyes. "The inhabitants, who crowded about us, appeared but a disgusting assemblage of ill-formed and ill-dressed rabble, — so much had my prejudices been changed by living among Indians and blacks: their eyes seemed to resemble those of a pig; their complexions were like the color of foul linen; they seemed to have no teeth, and to be covered over with rags and dirt. This prejudice, however, was not against these people only, but against all Europeans in general, when compared to the sparkling eyes, ivory teeth, shining skin, and remarkable cleanliness of those I had left behind me." Yet, in spite of these superior attractions, he never recrossed the Atlantic; for his Joanna died soon after, and his promising son, being sent to the father, was educated in England, became a midshipman in the navy, and was lost at sea. With his elegy, in which

the last depths of bathos are sadly sounded by a mourning parent, — who is induced to print them only by "the effect they had on the sympathetic and ingenious Mrs. Cowley," — the "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition" closes.

The war, which had cost the government forty thousand pounds a year, was ended, and left both parties essentially as when it began. The Maroons gradually returned to their old abodes, and, being unmolested themselves, left others unmolested thenceforward. Originally three thousand, — in Stedman's time, fifteen thousand, — they were estimated at seventy thousand by Capt. Alexander, who saw Guiana in 1831; and a later American scientific expedition, having visited them in their homes, reported them as still enjoying their wild freedom, and multiplying, while the Indians on the same soil decay. The beautiful forests of Surinam still make the morning gorgeous with their beauty, and the night deadly with their chill; the stately palm still rears, a hundred feet in air, its straight gray shaft and its head of

verdure; the mora builds its solid, buttressed trunk, a pedestal for the eagle; the pine of the tropics holds out its myriad hands with water-cups for the rain and dews, where all the birds and the monkeys may drink their fill; the trees are garlanded with epiphytes and convolvuli, and anchored to the earth by a thousand vines. High among their branches, the red and yellow mocking-birds still build their hanging nests, uncouth storks and tree-porcupines cling above, and the spotted deer and the tapir drink from the sluggish stream below. The night is still made noisy with a thousand cries of bird and beast; and the stillness of the sultry noon is broken by the slow tolling of the *campañero*, or bell-bird, far in the deep, dark woods, like the chime of some lost convent. And as Nature is unchanged there, so apparently is man; the Maroons still retain their savage freedom, still shoot their wild game and trap their fish, still raise their rice and cassava, yams and plantains, — still make cups from the gourd-tree and hammocks from the silk-grass plant, wine from the palm-tree's

sap, brooms from its leaves, fishing-lines from its fibres, and salt from its ashes. Their life does not yield, indeed, the very highest results of spiritual culture; its mental and moral results may not come up to the level of civilization, but they rise far above the level of slavery. In the changes of time, the Maroons may yet elevate themselves into the one, but they will never relapse into the other.

GABRIEL'S DEFEAT

IN exploring among dusty files of newspapers for the true records of Denmark Vesey and Nat Turner, I have caught occasional glimpses of a plot perhaps more wide in its outlines than that of either, which has lain obscure in the darkness of half a century, traceable only in the political events which dated from it, and the utter incorrectness of the scanty traditions which assumed to preserve it. And though researches in public libraries have only proved to me how rapidly the materials for American history are vanishing, — since not one of our great institutions possessed, a few years since, a file of any Southern newspaper of the year 1800, — yet the little which I have gained may have an interest that makes it worth preserving.

Three times, at intervals of thirty years,

did a wave of unutterable terror sweep across the Old Dominion, bringing thoughts of agony to every Virginian master, and of vague hope to every Virginian slave. Each time did one man's name become a spell of dismay and a symbol of deliverance. Each time did that name eclipse its predecessor, while recalling it for a moment to fresher memory: John Brown revived the story of Nat Turner, as in his day Nat Turner recalled the vaster schemes of Gabriel.

On Sept. 8, 1800, a Virginia correspondent wrote thus to the Philadelphia *United-States Gazette*: —

"For the week past, we have been under momentary expectation of a rising among the negroes, who have assembled to the number of nine hundred or a thousand, and threatened to massacre all the whites. They are armed with desperate weapons, and secrete themselves in the woods. God only knows our fate: we have strong guards every night under arms."

It was no wonder, if there were foundation for such rumors. Liberty was the creed or the

cant of the day. France was being disturbed by revolution, and England by Clarkson. In America, slavery was habitually recognized as a misfortune and an error, only to be palliated by the nearness of its expected end. How freely anti-slavery pamphlets had been circulated in Virginia, we know from the priceless volumes collected and annotated by Washington, and now preserved in the Boston Athenæum. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," itself an anti-slavery tract, had passed through seven editions. Judge St. George Tucker, law-professor in William and Mary College, had recently published his noble work, "A Dissertation on Slavery, with a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." From all this agitation, a slave insurrection was a mere corollary. With so much electricity in the air, a single flash of lightning foreboded all the terrors of the tempest. Let but a single armed negro be seen or suspected, and at once, on many a lonely plantation, there were trembling hands at work to bar doors and windows that seldom had been

even closed before, and there was shuddering when a gray squirrel scrambled over the roof, or a shower of walnuts came down clattering from the overhanging boughs.

Early in September, 1800, as a certain Mr. Moseley Sheppard, of Henrico County in Virginia, was one day sitting in his counting-room, two negroes knocked at the door, and were let in. They shut the door themselves, and began to unfold an insurrectionary plot, which was subsequently repeated by one of them, named Ben Woodfolk or Woolfolk, in presence of the court, on the 15th of the same month.

He stated, that about the first of the preceding June, he had been asked by a negro named Colonel George whether he would like to be made a Mason. He refused; but George ultimately prevailed on him to have an interview with a certain leading man among the blacks, named Gabriel. Arrived at the place of meeting, he found many persons assembled, to whom a preliminary oath was administered, that they would keep secret all which they might hear. The leaders then began, to the dismay of this

witness, to allude to a plan of insurrection, which, as they stated, was already far advanced toward maturity. Presently a man named Martin, Gabriel's brother, proposed religious services, caused the company to be duly seated, and began an impassioned exposition of Scripture, bearing upon the perilous theme. The Israelites were glowingly portrayed as a type of successful resistance to tyranny; and it was argued, that now, as then, God would stretch forth his arm to save, and would strengthen a hundred to overthrow a thousand. Thus passed, the witness stated, this preparatory meeting. At a subsequent gathering the affair was brought to a point; and the only difficult question was, whether to rise in rebellion upon a certain Saturday, or upon the Sunday following. Gabriel said that Saturday was the day already fixed, and that it must not be altered; but George was for changing it to Sunday, as being more convenient for the country negroes, who could travel on that day without suspicion. Gabriel, however, said decisively that they had enough to carry Richmond without them; and

Saturday was therefore retained as the momentous day.

This was the confession, so far as it is now accessible; and on the strength of it, Ben Woolfolk was promptly pardoned by the court for all his sins, past, present, or to come, and they proceeded with their investigation. Of Gabriel little appeared to be known, except that he had been the property of Thomas Prosser, a young man who had recently inherited a plantation a few miles from Richmond, and who had the reputation among his neighbors of "behaving with great barbarity to his slaves." Gabriel was, however, reported to be "a fellow of courage and intellect above his rank in life," to be about twenty-five years of age, and to be guiltless of the alphabet.

Further inquiry made it appear that the preparations of the insurgents were hardly adequate to any grand revolutionary design, — at least, if they proposed to begin with open warfare. The commissariat may have been well organized, for black Virginians are apt to have a prudent eye to the larder; but the ordnance

department and the treasury were as low as if Secretary Floyd had been in charge of them. A slave called "Prosser's Ben" testified that he went with Gabriel to see Ben Woolfolk, who was going to Caroline County to enlist men, and that "Gabriel gave him three shillings for himself and three other negroes, to be expended in recruiting men." Their arms and ammunition, so far as reported, consisted of a peck of bullets, ten pounds of powder, and twelve scythe-swords, made by Gabriel's brother Solomon, and fitted with handles by Gabriel himself. "These cutlasses," said subsequently a white eye-witness, "are made of scythes cut in two and fixed into well-turned handles. I have never seen arms so murderous. Those who still doubt the importance of the conspiracy which has been so fortunately frustrated would shudder with horror at the sight of these instruments of death." And as it presently appeared that a conspirator named Scott had astonished his master by accidentally pulling ten dollars from a ragged pocket which seemed inade-

quate to the custody of ten cents, it was agreed that the plot might still be dangerous, even though the resources seemed limited.

And indeed, as was soon discovered, the effective weapon of the insurgents lay in the very audacity of their plan. If the current statements of all the Virginia letter-writers were true, "nothing could have been better contrived." It was to have taken effect on the first day of September. The rendezvous for the blacks was to be a brook six miles from Richmond. Eleven hundred men were to assemble there, and were to be divided into three columns, their officers having been designated in advance. All were to march on Richmond, — then a town of eight thousand inhabitants, — under cover of night. The right wing was instantly to seize upon the penitentiary building, just converted into an arsenal; while the left wing was to take possession of the powder-house. These two columns were to be armed chiefly with clubs, as their undertaking depended for success upon surprise, and was expected to prevail without hard fighting. But it was the central force,

armed with muskets, cutlasses, knives, and pikes, upon which the chief responsibility rested; these men were to enter the town at both ends simultaneously, and begin a general carnage, none being excepted save the French inhabitants, who were supposed for some reason to be friendly to the negroes. In a very few hours, it was thought, they would have entire control of the metropolis. And that this hope was not in the least unreasonable, was shown by the subsequent confessions of weakness from the whites. "They could scarcely have failed of success," wrote the Richmond correspondent of the Boston *Chronicle;* "for, after all, we could only muster four or five hundred men, of whom not more than thirty had muskets."

For the insurgents, if successful, the penitentiary held several thousand stand of arms; the powder-house was well stocked; the Capitol contained the State treasury; the mills would give them bread; the control of the bridge across James River would keep off enemies from beyond. Thus secured and provided,

they planned to issue proclamations summoning to their standard "their fellow-negroes and the friends of humanity throughout the continent." In a week, it was estimated, they would have fifty thousand men on their side, with which force they could easily possess themselves of other towns; and, indeed, a slave named John Scott — possibly the dangerous possessor of the ten dollars — was already appointed to head the attack on Petersburg. But in case of final failure, the project included a retreat to the mountains, with their new-found property. John Brown was therefore anticipated by Gabriel, sixty years before, in believing the Virginia mountains to have been "created, from the foundation of the world, as a place of refuge for fugitive slaves."

These are the statements of the contemporary witnesses; they are repeated in many newspapers of the year 1800, and are in themselves clear and consistent. Whether they are on the whole exaggerated or under-stated, it is now impossible to say. It is certain that a Richmond paper of Sept. 12 (quoted in the

New-York *Gazette* of Sept. 18) declares that "the plot has been entirely exploded, which was shallow; and, had the attempt been made to carry it into execution, but little resistance would have been required to render the scheme entirely abortive." But it is necessary to remember that this is no more than the Charleston newspapers said at the very crisis of Denmark Vesey's formidable plot. "Last evening," wrote a lady from Charleston in 1822, "twenty-five hundred of our citizens were under arms to guard our property and lives. But it is a subject *not to be mentioned* [so underscored]; and unless you hear of it elsewhere, say nothing about it." Thus it is always hard to know whether to assume the facts of an insurrection as above or below the estimates. This Virginian excitement also happened at a period of intense political agitation, and was seized upon as a boon by the Federalists. The very article above quoted is ironically headed "Holy Insurrection," and takes its motto from Jefferson, with profuse capital letters: "The Spirit of the Master is

abating, that of the Slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying."

In view of the political aspect thus given to the plot, and of its ingenuity and thoroughness likewise, the Virginians were naturally disposed to attribute to white men some share in it; and speculation presently began to run wild. The newspapers were soon full of theories, no two being alike, and no one credible. The plot originated, some said, in certain handbills written by Jefferson's friend Callender, then in prison at Richmond on a charge of sedition; these were circulated by two French negroes, aided by a "United Irishman" calling himself a Methodist preacher, and it was in consideration of these services that no Frenchman was to be injured by the slaves. When Gabriel was arrested, the editor of the *United-States Gazette* affected much diplomatic surprise that no letters were *yet* found upon his person "from Fries, Gallatin, or Duane, nor was he at the time of his capture accompanied by any United Irishman." "He, however, acknowledges that there are others concerned,

and that he is not the principal instigator." All Federalists agreed that the Southern Democratic talk was constructive insurrection, — which it certainly was, — and they painted graphic pictures of noisy "Jacobins" over their wine, and eager dusky listeners behind their chairs. "It is evident that the French principles of liberty and equality have been effused into the minds of the negroes, and that the incautious and intemperate use of the words by some whites among us have inspired them with hopes of success." "While the fiery Hotspurs of the State vociferate their *French babble* of the natural equality of man, the insulted negro will be constantly stimulated to cast away his cords, and to sharpen his pike." "It is, moreover, believed, though not positively known, that a great many of our profligate and abandoned whites (who are distinguished by the burlesque appellation of *Democrats*) are implicated with the blacks, and would have joined them if they had commenced their operations. . . . The Jacobin printers and their friends are panic-struck. Never was

terror more strongly depicted in the countenances of men." These extracts from three different Federalist newspapers show the amiable emotions of that side of the house; while Democratic Duane, in the *Aurora*, could find no better repartee than to attribute the whole trouble to the policy of the administration in renewing commercial intercourse with San Domingo.

I have discovered in the Norfolk *Epitome of the Times*, for Oct. 9, 1800, a remarkable epistle written from Richmond Jail by the unfortunate Callender himself. He indignantly denies the charges against the Democrats, of complicity in dangerous plots, boldly retorting them upon the Federalists. "An insurrection at this critical moment by the negroes of the Southern States would have thrown every thing into confusion, and consequently it was to have prevented the choice of electors in the whole or the greater part of the States to the south of the Potomac. Such a disaster must have tended directly to injure the interests of Mr. Jefferson, and to promote the slender possibility

of a second election of Mr. Adams." And, to be sure, the *United-States Gazette* followed up the thing with a good, single-minded party malice which cannot be surpassed in these present days, ending in such altitudes of sublime coolness as the following: "The insurrection of the negroes in the Southern States, which appears to be organized on the true French plan, must be decisive, with every reflecting man in those States, of the election of Mr. Adams and Gen. Pinckney. The military skill and approved bravery of the general must be peculiarly valuable to his countrymen at these trying moments." Let us have a military Vice-President, by all means, to meet this formidable exigency of Gabriel's peck of bullets, and this unexplained three shillings in the pocket of "Prosser's Ben"!

But Gabriel's campaign failed, like that of the Federalists; and the appointed day brought disasters more fatal than even the sword of Gen. Pinckney. The affrighted negroes declared that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera." The most furious tempest ever

known in Virginia burst upon the land that day, instead of an insurrection. Roads and plantations were submerged. Bridges were carried away. The fords, which then, as now, were the frequent substitutes for bridges in that region, were rendered wholly impassable. The Brook Swamp, one of the most important strategic points of the insurgents, was entirely inundated, hopelessly dividing Prosser's farm from Richmond; the country negroes could not get in, nor those from the city get out. The thousand men dwindled to a few hundred, and these half paralyzed by superstition; there was nothing to do but to dismiss them, and before they could re-assemble they were betrayed.

That the greatest alarm was instantly created throughout the community, there is no question. All the city of Richmond was in arms, and in all large towns of the State the night-patrol was doubled. It is a little amusing to find it formally announced, that "the Governor, impressed with the magnitude of the danger, has appointed for himself three aides-de-camp." A troop of United-States cavalry was ordered

to Richmond. Numerous arrests were made. Men were convicted on one day, and hanged on the next, — five, six, ten, fifteen at a time, almost without evidence. Three hundred dollars were offered by Gov. Monroe for the arrest of Gabriel; as much more for another chief named Jack Bowler, *alias* Ditcher; whereupon Bowler *alias* Ditcher surrendered himself, but it took some weeks to get upon the track of Gabriel. He was finally captured at Norfolk, on board a schooner just arrived from Richmond, in whose hold he had concealed himself for eleven days, having thrown overboard a bayonet and bludgeon, which were his only arms. Crowds of people collected to see him, including many of his own color. He was arrested on Sept. 24, convicted on Oct. 3, and executed on Oct. 7; and it is known of him further, only, that, like almost all leaders of slave insurrections, he showed a courage which his enemies could not gainsay. "When he was apprehended, he manifested the greatest marks of firmness and confidence, showing not the least disposition to equivocate, or screen himself

from justice," — but making no confession that could implicate any one else. "The behavior of Gabriel under his misfortunes," said the Norfolk *Epitome* of Sept. 25, "was such as might be expected from a mind capable of forming the daring project which he had conceived." The *United-States Gazette* for Oct. 9 states, more sarcastically, that "the general is said to have manifested the utmost composure, and with the true spirit of heroism seems ready to resign his high office, and even his life, rather than gratify the officious inquiries of the Governor."

Some of these newspapers suggest that the authorities found it good policy to omit the statement made by Gabriel, whatever it was. At any rate, he assured them that he was by no means the sole instigator of the affair; he could name many, even in Norfolk, who were more deeply concerned. To his brother Solomon he is said to have stated that the real head of the plot was Jack Bowler. Still another leader was "Gen. John Scott," already mentioned, the slave of Mr. Greenhow, hired by Mr. McCrea.

He was captured by his employer in Norfolk, just as he was boldly entering a public conveyance to escape; and the Baltimore *Telegraphe* declared that he had a written paper directing him to apply to Alexander Biddenhurst or Weddenhurst in Philadelphia, "corner of Coats Alley and Budd Street, who would supply his needs." What became of this military individual, or of his Philadelphia sympathizers, does not appear. But it was noticed, as usually happens in such cases, that all the insurgents had previously passed for saints. "It consists within my knowledge," says one letter-writer, "that many of these wretches who were or would have been partakers in the plot have been treated with the utmost tenderness by their masters, and were more like children than slaves."

These appear to be all the details now accessible of this once famous plot. They were not very freely published, even at the time. "The minutiæ of the conspiracy have not been detailed to the public," said the Salem (Mass.) *Gazette* of Oct. 7, "and perhaps, through a mistaken notion of prudence and policy, will

not be detailed in the Richmond papers." The New-York *Commercial Advertiser* of Oct. 13 was still more explicit. "The trials of the negroes concerned in the late insurrection are suspended until the opinions of the Legislature can be had on the subject. This measure is said to be owing to the immense numbers who are interested in the plot, whose death, should they all be found guilty and be executed, will nearly produce the annihilation of the blacks in this part of the country." And in the next issue of the same journal a Richmond correspondent makes a similar statement, with the following addition: "A conditional amnesty is perhaps expected. At the next session of the Legislature [of Virginia], they took into consideration the subject referred to them, in secret session, with closed doors. The whole result of their deliberations has never yet been made public, as the injunction of secrecy has never been removed. To satisfy the court, the public, and themselves, they had a task so difficult to perform, that it is not surprising that their deliberations were in secret."

It is a matter of historical interest to know that in these mysterious sessions lay the germs of the American Colonization Society. A correspondence was at once secretly commenced between the Governor of Virginia and the President of the United States, with a view to securing a grant of land whither troublesome slaves might be banished. Nothing came of it then; but in 1801, 1802, and 1804, these attempts were renewed. And finally, on Jan. 22, 1805, the following vote was passed, still in secret session: "*Resolved*, that the Senators of this State in the Congress of the United States be instructed, and the Representatives be requested, to use their best efforts for the obtaining from the General Government a competent portion of territory in the State of Louisiana, to be appropriated to the residence of such people of color as have been or shall be emancipated, or hereafter may become dangerous to the public safety," etc. But of all these efforts nothing was known till their record was accidentally discovered by Charles Fenton Mercer in 1816. He at once brought the mat-

ter to light, and moved a similar resolution in the Virginia Legislature; it was almost unanimously adopted, and the first formal meeting of the Colonization Society, in 1817, was called "in aid" of this Virginia movement. But the whole correspondence was never made public until the Nat Turner insurrection of 1831 recalled the previous excitement; and these papers were demanded by Mr. Summers, a member of the Legislature, who described them as "having originated in a convulsion similar to that which had recently, but more terribly, occurred."

But neither these subsequent papers, nor any documents which now appear accessible, can supply any authentic or trustworthy evidence as to the real extent of the earlier plot. It certainly was not confined to the mere environs of Richmond. The Norfolk *Epitome* of Oct. 6 states that on the 6th and 7th of the previous month one hundred and fifty blacks, including twenty from Norfolk, were assembled near Whitlock's Mills in Suffolk County, and remained in the neighborhood till the

failure of the Richmond plan became known. Petersburg newspapers also had letters containing similar tales. Then the alarm spread more widely. Near Edenton, N.C., there was undoubtedly a real insurrection, though promptly suppressed; and many families ultimately removed from that vicinity in consequence. In Charleston, S.C., there was still greater excitement, if the contemporary press may be trusted; it was reported that the freeholders had been summoned to appear in arms, on penalty of a fine of fifteen pounds, which many preferred to pay rather than risk taking the fever which then prevailed. These reports were, however, zealously contradicted in letters from Charleston, dated Oct. 8; and the Charleston newspapers up to Sept. 17 had certainly contained no reference to any especial excitement. This alone might not settle the fact, for reasons already given. But the omission of any such affair from the valuable pamphlet published in 1822 by Edwin C. Holland, containing reminiscences of insurrections in South Carolina, is presumptive evidence that no very extended agitation occurred.

But wherever there was a black population, slave or emancipated, men's startled consciences made cowards of them all, and recognized the negro as a dangerous man, because an injured one. In Philadelphia it was seriously proposed to prohibit the use of sky-rockets for a time, because they had been employed as signals in San Domingo. "Even in Boston," said the New-York *Daily Advertiser* of Sept. 20, "fears are expressed, and measures of prevention adopted." This probably refers to a singular advertisement which appeared in some of the Boston newspapers on Sept. 16, and runs as follows: —

"NOTICE TO BLACKS.

"The officers of the police having made returns to the subscriber of the names of the following persons who are Africans or negroes, not subjects of the Emperor of Morocco nor citizens of any of the United States, the same are hereby warned and directed to depart out of this Commonwealth before the tenth day of October next, as they would avoid the pains and penalties of the law in that case provided, which was passed by the Legislature March 26, 1788.

"CHARLES BULFINCH, Superintendent.

"By order and direction of the Selectmen."

The names annexed are about three hundred, with the places of their supposed origin, and they occupy a column of the paper. So at least asserts the *United-States Gazette* of Sept. 23. "It seems probable," adds the editor, "from the nature of the notice, that some suspicion of the design of the negroes is entertained; and we regret to say there is too much cause." The law of 1788 above mentioned was "An Act for suppressing rogues, vagabonds, and the like," which forbade all persons of African descent, unless citizens of some one of the United States or subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, from remaining more than two months within the Commonwealth, on penalty of imprisonment and hard labor. This singular statute remained unrepealed until 1834.

Amid the general harmony in the contemporary narratives of Gabriel's insurrection, it would be improper to pass by one exceptional legend, which by some singular fatality has obtained more circulation than all the true accounts put together. I can trace it no farther back than Nat Turner's time, when it was pub-

lished in the Albany *Evening Journal;* thence transferred to the *Liberator* of Sept. 17, 1831, and many other newspapers; then refuted in detail by the *Richmond Enquirer* of Oct. 21; then resuscitated in the John-Brown epoch by the Philadelphia *Press*, and extensively copied. It is fresh, spirited, and full of graphic and interesting details, nearly every one of which is altogether false.

Gabriel in this narrative becomes a rather mythical being, of vast abilities and life-long preparations. He bought his freedom, it is stated, at the age of twenty-one, and then travelled all over the Southern States, enlisting confederates and forming stores of arms. At length his plot was discovered, in consequence of three negroes having been seen riding out of a stable-yard together; and the Governor offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for further information, to which a Richmond gentleman added as much more. Gabriel concealed himself on board the "Sally Ann," a vessel just sailing for San Domingo, and was revealed by his little nephew, whom he had

sent for a jug of rum. Finally, the narrative puts an eloquent dying speech into Gabriel's mouth, and, to give a properly tragic consummation, causes him to be torn to death by four wild horses. The last item is, however, omitted in the more recent reprints of the story.

Every one of these statements appears to be absolutely erroneous. Gabriel lived and died a slave, and was probably never out of Virginia. His plot was voluntarily revealed by accomplices. The rewards offered for his arrest amounted to three hundred dollars only. He concealed himself on board the schooner "Mary," bound to Norfolk, and was discovered by the police. He died on the gallows, with ten associates, having made no address to the court or the people. All the errors of the statement were contradicted when it was first made public, but they have proved very hard to kill.

Some of these events were embodied in a song bearing the same title with this essay, "Gabriel's Defeat," and set to a tune of the same name, both being composed by a colored

man. Several witnesses have assured me of having heard this sung in Virginia, as a favorite air at the dances of the white people, as well as in the huts of the slaves. It is surely one of history's strange parallelisms, that this fatal enterprise, like that of John Brown afterwards, should thus have embalmed itself in music. And twenty-two years after these events, their impression still remained vivid enough for Benjamin Lundy, in Tennessee, to write: "So well had they matured their plot, and so completely had they organized their system of operations, that nothing but a seemingly miraculous intervention of the arm of Providence was supposed to have been capable of saving the city from pillage and flames, and the inhabitants thereof from butchery. So dreadful was the alarm and so great the consternation produced on this occasion, that a member of Congress from that State was some time after heard to express himself in his place as follows: 'The night-bell is never heard to toll in the city of Richmond, but the anxious mother

presses her infant more closely to her bosom.'" The Congressman was John Randolph of Roanoke, and it was Gabriel who had taught him the lesson.

And longer than the melancholy life of that wayward statesman, — down even to the beginning of the American civil war, — there lingered in Richmond a memorial of those days, most peculiar and most instructive. Before the days of secession, when the Northern traveller in Virginia, after traversing for weary leagues its miry ways, its desolate fields, and its flowery forests, rode at last into its metropolis, he was sure to be guided ere long to visit its stately Capitol, modelled by Jefferson, when French minister, from the Maison Carrée. Standing before it, he might admire undisturbed the Grecian outline of its exterior; but he found himself forbidden to enter, save by passing an armed and uniformed sentinel at the doorway. No other State of the Union then found it necessary to protect its State House by a permanent cordon of bayonets. Yet there for half

a century stood sentinel the "Public Guard" of Virginia; and when the traveller asked the origin of the precaution, he was told that it was the lasting memorial of Gabriel's Defeat.

DENMARK VESEY

ON Saturday afternoon, May 25, 1822, a slave named Devany, belonging to Col. Prioleau of Charleston, S.C., was sent to market by his mistress, — the colonel being absent in the country. After doing his errands, he strolled down upon the wharves in the enjoyment of that magnificent wealth of leisure which usually characterized the former "house-servant" of the South, when beyond hail of the street-door. He presently noticed a small vessel lying in the stream, with a peculiar flag flying; and while looking at it, he was accosted by a slave named William, belonging to Mr. John Paul, who remarked to him, "I have often seen a flag with the number 76, but never one with the number 96 upon it before." After some further conversation on this trifling point, William suddenly inquired, "Do

you know that something serious is about to take place?" Devany disclaiming the knowledge of any graver impending crisis than the family dinner, the other went on to inform him that many of the slaves were "determined to right themselves." "We are determined," he added, "to shake off our bondage, and for that purpose we stand on a good foundation; many have joined, and if you will go with me, I will show you the man who has the list of names, and who will take yours down."

This startling disclosure was quite too much for Devany: he was made of the wrong material for so daring a project; his genius was culinary, not revolutionary. Giving some excuse for breaking off the conversation, he went forthwith to consult a free colored man, named Pensil or Pencell, who advised him to warn his master instantly. So he lost no time in telling the secret to his mistress and her young son; and on the return of Col. Prioleau from the country, five days afterward, it was at once revealed to him. Within an hour or two he stated the facts to Mr. Hamilton, the

intendant, or, as he would now be called, mayor; Mr. Hamilton at once summoned the corporation, and by five o'clock Devany and William were under examination.

This was the first warning of a plot which ultimately filled Charleston with terror. And yet so thorough and so secret was the organization of the negroes, that a fortnight passed without yielding the slightest information beyond the very little which was obtained from these two. William Paul was, indeed, put in confinement, and soon gave evidence inculpating two slaves as his employers, — Mingo Harth and Peter Poyas. But these men, when arrested, behaved with such perfect coolness, and treated the charge with such entire levity; — their trunks and premises, when searched, were so innocent of all alarming contents; — that they were soon discharged by the wardens. William Paul at length became alarmed for his own safety, and began to let out further facts piecemeal, and to inculpate other men. But some of those very men came voluntarily to the intendant, on hearing that

they were suspected, and indignantly offered themselves for examination. Puzzled and bewildered, the municipal government kept the thing as secret as possible, placed the city guard in an efficient condition, provided sixteen hundred rounds of ball cartridges, and ordered the sentinels and patrols to be armed with loaded muskets. "Such had been our fancied security, that the guard had previously gone on duty without muskets, and with only sheathed bayonets and bludgeons."

It has since been asserted, though perhaps on questionable authority, that the Secretary of War was informed of the plot, even including some details of the plan and the leader's name, before it was known in Charleston. If so, he utterly disregarded it; and, indeed, so well did the negroes play their part, that the whole report was eventually disbelieved, while — as was afterwards proved — they went on to complete their secret organization, and hastened by a fortnight the appointed day of attack. Unfortunately for their plans, however, another betrayal took place at the very last moment,

from a different direction. A class-leader in a Methodist church had been persuaded or bribed by his master to procure further disclosures. He at length came and stated, that, about three months before, a man named Rolla, slave of Gov. Bennett, had communicated to a friend of his the fact of an intended insurrection, and had said that the time fixed for the outbreak was the following Sunday night, June 16. As this conversation took place on Friday, it gave but a very short time for the city authorities to act, especially as they wished neither to endanger the city nor to alarm it.

Yet so cautiously was the game played on both sides that the whole thing was still kept a secret from the Charleston public; and some members of the city government did not fully appreciate their danger till they had passed it. "The whole was concealed," wrote the governor afterwards, "until the time came; but secret preparations were made. Saturday night and Sunday morning passed without demonstrations; doubts were excited, and counter orders issued for diminishing the guard." It after-

wards proved that these preparations showed to the slaves that their plot was betrayed, and so saved the city without public alarm. Newspaper correspondence soon was full of the story, each informant of course hinting plainly that he had been behind the scenes all along, and had withheld it only to gratify the authorities in their policy of silence. It was "now no longer a secret," they wrote; adding, that, for five or six weeks, but little attention had been paid by the community to these rumors, the city council having kept it carefully to themselves until a number of suspicious slaves had been arrested. This refers to ten prisoners who were seized on June 18, an arrest which killed the plot, and left only the terrors of what might have been. The investigation, thus publicly commenced, soon revealed a free colored man named Denmark Vesey as the leader of the enterprise, — among his chief coadjutors being that innocent Peter and that unsuspecting Mingo who had been examined and discharged nearly three weeks before.

It is matter of demonstration, that, but for

the military preparations on the appointed Sunday night, the attempt would have been made. The ringleaders had actually met for their final arrangements, when, by comparing notes, they found themselves foiled; and within another week they were prisoners on trial. Nevertheless, the plot which they had laid was the most elaborate insurrectionary project ever formed by American slaves, and came the nearest to a terrible success. In boldness of conception and thoroughness of organization there has been nothing to compare with it; and it is worth while to dwell somewhat upon its details, first introducing the *dramatis personæ*.

Denmark Vesey had come very near figuring as a revolutionist in Hayti, instead of South Carolina. Capt. Vesey, an old resident of Charleston, commanded a ship that traded between St. Thomas and Cape Français, during our Revolutionary War, in the slave-transportation line. In the year 1781 he took on board a cargo of three hundred and ninety slaves, and sailed for the Cape. On the passage, he and his officers were much attracted by the beauty

and intelligence of a boy of fourteen, whom they unanimously adopted into the cabin as a pet. They gave him new clothes, and a new name, Télémaque, which was afterwards gradually corrupted into Telmak and Denmark. They amused themselves with him until their arrival at Cape Français, and then, "having no use for the boy," sold their pet as if he had been a macaw or a monkey. Capt. Vesey sailed for St. Thomas; and, presently making another trip to Cape Français, was surprised to hear from his consignee that Télémaque would be returned on his hands as being "unsound," — not in theology nor in morals, but in body, — subject to epileptic fits, in fact. According to the custom of that place, the boy was examined by the city physician, who required Capt. Vesey to take him back; and Denmark served him faithfully, with no trouble from epilepsy, for twenty years, travelling all over the world with him, and learning to speak various languages. In 1800 he drew a prize of fifteen hundred dollars in the East Bay-street Lottery, with which he bought his freedom

from his master for six hundred dollars, — much less than his market value. From that time, the official report says, he worked as a carpenter in Charleston, distinguished for physical strength and energy. "Among those of his color he was looked up to with awe and respect. His temper was impetuous and domineering in the extreme, qualifying him for the despotic rule of which he was ambitious. All his passions were ungovernable and savage; and to his numerous wives and children he displayed the haughty and capricious cruelty of an Eastern bashaw."

"For several years before he disclosed his intentions to any one, he appears to have been constantly and assiduously engaged in endeavoring to imbitter the minds of the colored population against the white. He rendered himself perfectly familiar with all those parts of the Scriptures which he thought he could pervert to his purpose, and would readily quote them to prove that slavery was contrary to the laws of God; that slaves were bound to attempt their emancipation, however shocking

and bloody might be the consequences; and that such efforts would not only be pleasing to the Almighty, but were absolutely enjoined, and their success predicted, in the Scriptures. His favorite texts when he addressed those of his own color were Zech. xiv. 1–3, and Josh. vi. 21; and in all his conversations he identified their situation with that of the Israelites. The number of inflammatory pamphlets on slavery brought into Charleston from some of our sister States within the last four years (and once from Sierra Leone), and distributed amongst the colored population of the city, for which there was a great facility, in consequence of the unrestricted intercourse allowed to persons of color between the different States in the Union, and the speeches in Congress of those opposed to the admission of Missouri into the Union, perhaps garbled and misrepresented, furnished him with ample means for inflaming the minds of the colored population of the State; and by distorting certain parts of those speeches, or selecting from them particular passages, he persuaded but too many

that Congress had actually declared them free, and that they were held in bondage contrary to the laws of the land. Even whilst walking through the streets in company with another, he was not idle; for if his companion bowed to a white person, he would rebuke him, and observe that all men were born equal, and that he was surprised that any one would degrade himself by such conduct; that he would never cringe to the whites, nor ought any one who had the feelings of a man. When answered, 'We are slaves,' he would sarcastically and indignantly reply, 'You deserve to remain slaves;' and if he were further asked, 'What can we do?' he would remark, 'Go and buy a spelling-book, and read the fable of Hercules and the Wagoner,' which he would then repeat, and apply it to their situation. He also sought every opportunity of entering into conversation with white persons, when they could be overheard by negroes near by, especially in grog-shops, — during which conversation he would artfully introduce some bold remark on slavery; and sometimes, when, from the char-

acter he was conversing with, he found he might still be bolder, he would go so far, that, had not his declarations in such situations been clearly proved, they would scarcely have been credited. He continued this course until some time after the commencement of the last winter; by which time he had not only obtained incredible influence amongst persons of color, but many feared him more than their owners, and, one of them declared, even more than his God."

It was proved against him, that his house had been the principal place of meeting for the conspirators, that all the others habitually referred to him as the leader, and that he had shown great address in dealing with different temperaments and overcoming a variety of scruples. One witness testified that Vesey had read to him from the Bible about the deliverance of the children of Israel; another, that he had read to him a speech which had been delivered "in Congress by a Mr. King" on the subject of slavery, and Vesey had said that "this Mr. King was the black man's friend;

that he, Mr. King, had declared he would continue to speak, write, and publish pamphlets against slavery the longest day he lived, until the Southern States consented to emancipate their slaves, for that slavery was a great disgrace to the country." But among all the reports there are only two sentences which really reveal the secret soul of Denmark Vesey, and show his impulses and motives. "He said he did not go with Creighton to Africa, because he had not a will; he wanted to stay and see what he could do for his fellow-creatures." The other takes us still nearer home. Monday Gell stated in his confession, that Vesey, on first broaching the plan to him, said "he was satisfied with his own condition, being free; but, as all his children were slaves, he wished to see what could be done for them."

It is strange to turn from this simple statement of a perhaps intelligent preference, on the part of a parent, for seeing his offspring in a condition of freedom, to the *naïve* astonishment of his judges. "It is difficult to imagine," says the sentence finally passed on Denmark

Vesey, "what infatuation could have prompted you to attempt an enterprise so wild and visionary. You were a free man, comparatively wealthy, and enjoyed every comfort compatible with your situation. You had, therefore, much to risk and little to gain." Yet one witness testified: "Vesey said the negroes were living such an abominable life, they ought to rise. I said, I was living well; he said, though I was, others were not, and that 'twas such fools as I that were in the way and would not help them, and that after all things were well he would mark me." "His general conversation," said another witness, a white boy, "was about religion, which he would apply to slavery; as, for instance, he would speak of the creation of the world, in which he would say all men had equal rights, blacks as well as whites, etc.; all his religious remarks were mingled with slavery." And the firmness of this purpose did not leave him, even after the betrayal of his cherished plans. "After the plot was discovered," said Monday Gell, in his confession, "Vesey said it was all over, unless an attempt

were made to rescue those who might be condemned, by rushing on the people and saving the prisoners, or all dying together."

The only person to divide with Vesey the claim of leadership was Peter Poyas. Vesey was the missionary of the cause, but Peter was the organizing mind. He kept the register of "candidates," and decided who should or should not be enrolled. "We can't live so," he often reminded his confederates; "we must break the yoke." "God has a hand in it; we have been meeting for four years, and are not yet betrayed." Peter was a ship-carpenter, and a slave of great value. He was to be the military leader. His plans showed some natural generalship: he arranged the night-attack; he planned the enrolment of a mounted troop to scour the streets; and he had a list of all the shops where arms and ammunition were kept for sale. He voluntarily undertook the management of the most difficult part of the enterprise, — the capture of the main guard-house, — and had pledged himself to advance alone and surprise the sentinel. He was said to have

a magnetism in his eyes, of which his confederates stood in great awe; if he once got his eye upon a man, there was no resisting it. A white witness has since narrated, that, after his arrest, he was chained to the floor in a cell, with another of the conspirators. Men in authority came, and sought by promises, threats, and even tortures, to ascertain the names of other accomplices. His companion, wearied out with pain and suffering, and stimulated by the hope of saving his own life, at last began to yield. Peter raised himself, leaned upon his elbow, looked at the poor fellow, saying quietly, "Die like a man," and instantly lay down again. It was enough; not another word was extorted.

One of the most notable individuals in the plot was a certain Jack Purcell, commonly called Gullah Jack, — Gullah signifying Angola, the place of his origin. A conjurer by profession and by lineal heritage in his own country, he had resumed the practice of his vocation on this side the Atlantic. For fifteen years he had wielded in secret an immense

influence among a sable constituency in Charleston; and as he had the reputation of being invulnerable, and of teaching invulnerability as an art, he was very good at beating up recruits for insurrection. Over those of Angolese descent, especially, he was a perfect king, and made them join in the revolt as one man. They met him monthly at a place called Bulkley's Farm, selected because the black overseer on that plantation was one of the initiated, and because the farm was accessible by water, thus enabling them to elude the patrol. There they prepared cartridges and pikes, and had primitive banquets, which assumed a melodramatic character under the inspiriting guidance of Jack. If a fowl was privately roasted, that mystic individual muttered incantations over it; and then they all grasped at it, exclaiming, "Thus we pull Buckra to pieces!" He gave them parched corn and ground-nuts to be eaten as internal safeguards on the day before the outbreak, and a consecrated *cullah*, or crab's claw, to be carried in the mouth by each, as an amulet. These rather questionable

means secured him a power which was very unquestionable; the witnesses examined in his presence all showed dread of his conjurations, and referred to him indirectly, with a kind of awe, as "the little man who can't be shot."

When Gullah Jack was otherwise engaged, there seems to have been a sort of deputy seer employed in the enterprise, a blind man named Philip. He was a preacher; was said to have been born with a caul on his head, and so claimed the gift of second-sight. Timid adherents were brought to his house for ghostly counsel. "Why do you look so timorous?" he said to William Garner, and then quoted Scripture, "Let not your heart be troubled." That a blind man should know how he looked, was beyond the philosophy of the visitor; and this piece of rather cheap ingenuity carried the day.

Other leaders were appointed also. Monday Gell was the scribe of the enterprise; he was a native African, who had learned to read and write. He was by trade a harness-maker, working chiefly on his own account. He confessed

that he had written a letter to President Boyer of the new black republic; "the letter was about the sufferings of the blacks, and to know if the people of St. Domingo would help them if they made an effort to free themselves." This epistle was sent by the black cook of a Northern schooner, and the envelope was addressed to a relative of the bearer.

Tom Russell was the armorer, and made pikes "on a very improved model," the official report admits. Polydore Faber fitted the weapons with handles. Bacchus Hammett had charge of the fire-arms and ammunition, not as yet a laborious duty. William Garner and Mingo Harth were to lead the horse-company. Lot Forrester was the courier, and had done, no one ever knew how much, in the way of enlisting country negroes, of whom Ned Bennett was to take command when enlisted. Being the governor's servant, Ned was probably credited with some official experience. These were the officers: now for the plan of attack.

It was the custom then, as later, for the

country negroes to flock largely into Charleston on Sunday. More than a thousand came, on ordinary occasions, and a far larger number might at any time make their appearance without exciting any suspicion. They gathered in, especially by water, from the opposite sides of Ashley and Cooper Rivers, and from the neighboring islands; and they came in a great number of canoes of various sizes, — many of which could carry a hundred men, — which were ordinarily employed in bringing agricultural products to the Charleston market. To get an approximate knowledge of the number, the city government once ordered the persons thus arriving to be counted, — and that during the progress of the trials, at a time when the negroes were rather fearful of coming into town; and it was found, that, even then, there were more than five hundred visitors on a single Sunday. This fact, then, was the essential point in the plan of insurrection. Whole plantations were found to have been enlisted among the "candidates," as they were termed; and it was proved that the city negroes, who lived nearest the

place of meeting, had agreed to conceal these confederates in their houses to a large extent, on the night of the proposed outbreak.

The details of the plan, however, were not rashly committed to the mass of the confederates; they were known only to a few, and were finally to be announced only after the evening prayer-meetings on the appointed Sunday. But each leader had his own company enlisted, and his own work marked out. When the clock struck twelve, all were to move. Peter Poyas was to lead a party ordered to assemble at South Bay, and to be joined by a force from James's Island; he was then to march up and seize the arsenal and guard-house opposite St. Michael's Church, and detach a sufficient number to cut off all white citizens who should appear at the alarm-posts. A second body of negroes, from the country and the Neck, headed by Ned Bennett, was to assemble on the Neck, and seize the arsenal there. A third was to meet at Gov. Bennett's Mills, under command of Rolla, and, after putting the governor and intendant to death, to march through the city,

or be posted at Cannon's Bridge, thus preventing the inhabitants of Cannonsborough from entering the city. A fourth, partly from the country, and partly from the neighboring localities in the city, was to rendezvous on Gadsden's Wharf, and attack the upper guard-house. A fifth, composed of country and Neck negroes, was to assemble at Bulkley's Farm, two miles and a half from the city, seize the upper powder-magazine, and then march down; and a sixth was to assemble at Denmark Vesey's, and obey his orders. A seventh detachment, under Gullah Jack, was to assemble in Boundary Street, at the head of King Street, to capture the arms of the Neck company of militia, and to take an additional supply from Mr. Duquercron's shop. The naval stores on Mey's Wharf were also to be attacked. Meanwhile, a horse-company, consisting of many draymen, hostlers, and butcher-boys, was to meet at Lightwood's Alley, and then scour the streets to prevent the whites from assembling. Every white man coming out of his own door was to be killed; and, if necessary, the city was to be fired in

several places, — slow-match for this purpose having been purloined from the public arsenal, and placed in an accessible position.

Beyond this, the plan of action was either unformed or undiscovered; some slight reliance seems to have been placed on English aid, — more on assistance from St. Domingo. At any rate, all the ships in the harbor were to be seized; and in these, if the worst came to the worst, those most deeply inculpated could set sail, bearing with them, perhaps, the spoils of shops and of banks. It seems to be admitted by the official narrative, that they might have been able, at that season of the year, and with the aid of the fortifications on the Neck and around the harbor, to retain possession of the city for some time.

So unsuspicious were the authorities, so unprepared the citizens, so open to attack lay the city, that nothing seemed necessary to the success of the insurgents except organization and arms. Indeed, the plan of organization easily covered a supply of arms. By their own contributions they had secured enough to strike

the first blow, — a few hundred pikes and daggers, together with swords and guns for the leaders. But they had carefully marked every place in the city where weapons were to be obtained. On King-street Road, beyond the municipal limits, in a common wooden shop, were left unguarded the arms of the Neck company of militia, to the number of several hundred stand; and these were to be secured by Bacchus Hammett, whose master kept the establishment. In Mr. Duquercron's shop there were deposited for sale as many more weapons; and they had noted Mr. Schirer's shop in Queen Street, and other gunsmiths' establishments. Finally, the State arsenal in Meeting Street, a building with no defences except ordinary wooden doors, was to be seized early in the outbreak. Provided, therefore, that the first moves proved successful, all the rest appeared sure.

Very little seems to have been said among the conspirators in regard to any plans of riot or debauchery, subsequent to the capture of the city. Either their imaginations did not

dwell on them, or the witnesses did not dare to give testimony, or the authorities to print it. Death was to be dealt out, comprehensive and terrible; but nothing more is mentioned. One prisoner, Rolla, is reported in the evidence to have dropped hints in regard to the destiny of the women; and there was a rumor in the newspapers of the time, that he or some other of Gov. Bennett's slaves was to have taken the governor's daughter, a young girl of sixteen, for his wife, in the event of success; but this is all. On the other hand, Denmark Vesey was known to be for a war of immediate and total extermination; and when some of the company opposed killing "the ministers and the women and children," Vesey read from the Scriptures that all should be cut off, and said that "it was for their safety not to leave one white skin alive, for this was the plan they pursued at St. Domingo." And all this was not a mere dream of one lonely enthusiast, but a measure which had been maturing for four full years among several confederates, and had been under discussion for five months among multitudes of initiated "candidates."

As usual with slave-insurrections, the best men and those most trusted were deepest in the plot. Rolla was the only prominent conspirator who was not an active church-member. "Most of the ringleaders," says a Charleston letter-writer of that day, "were the rulers or class-leaders in what is called the African Society, and were considered faithful, honest fellows. Indeed, many of the owners could not be convinced, till the fellows confessed themselves, that they were concerned, and that the first object of all was to kill their masters." And the first official report declares that it would not be difficult to assign a motive for the insurrectionists, "if it had not been distinctly proved, that, with scarcely an exception, they had no individual hardship to complain of, and were among the most humanely treated negroes in the city. The facilities for combining and confederating in such a scheme were amply afforded by the extreme indulgence and kindness which characterize the domestic treatment of our slaves. Many slave-owners among us, not satisfied with ministering to the

wants of their domestics by all the comforts of abundant food and excellent clothing, with a misguided benevolence have not only permitted their instruction, but lent to such efforts their approbation and applause."

"I sympathize most sincerely," says the anonymous author of a pamphlet of the period, "with the very respectable and pious clergyman whose heart must still bleed at the recolletion that his confidential class-leader, but a week or two before his just conviction, had received the communion of the Lord's Supper from his hand. This wretch had been brought up in his pastor's family, and was treated with the same Christian attention as was shown to their own children." "To us who are accustomed to the base and proverbial ingratitude of these people, this ill return of kindness and confidence is not surprising; but they who are ignorant of their real character will read and wonder."

One demonstration of this "Christian attention" had lately been the closing of the African Church, — of which, as has been stated, most

of the leading revolutionists were members, — on the ground that it tended to spread the dangerous infection of the alphabet. On Jan. 15, 1821, the city marshal, John J. Lafar, had notified "ministers of the gospel and others who keep night- and Sunday-schools for slaves, that the education of such persons is forbidden by law, and that the city government feel imperiously bound to enforce the penalty." So that there were some special as well as general grounds for disaffection among these ungrateful favorites of fortune, the slaves. Then there were fancied dangers. An absurd report had somehow arisen, — since you cannot keep men ignorant without making them unreasonable also, — that on the ensuing Fourth of July the whites were to create a false alarm, and that every black man coming out was to be killed, "in order to thin them;" this being done to prevent their joining an imaginary army supposed to be on its way from Hayti. Others were led to suppose that Congress had ended the Missouri Compromise discussion by making them all free, and that the law would

protect their liberty if they could only secure it. Others, again, were threatened with the vengeance of the conspirators, unless they also joined; on the night of attack, it was said, the initiated would have a countersign, and all who did not know it would share the fate of the whites. Add to this the reading of Congressional speeches, and of the copious magazine of revolution to be found in the Bible, — and it was no wonder, if they for the first time were roused, under the energetic leadership of Vesey, to a full consciousness of their own condition.

"Not only were the leaders of good character, and very much indulged by their owners; but this was very generally the case with all who were convicted, — many of them possessing the highest confidence of their owners, and not one of bad character." In one case it was proved that Vesey had forbidden his followers to trust a certain man, because he had once been seen intoxicated. In another case it was shown that a slave named George had made every effort to obtain their confidence, but was constantly excluded from their meetings as a

talkative fellow who could not be trusted, — a policy which his levity of manner, when examined in court, fully justified. They took no women into counsel, — not from any distrust apparently, but in order that their children might not be left uncared-for in case of defeat and destruction. House-servants were rarely trusted, or only when they had been carefully sounded by the chief leaders. Peter Poyas, in commissioning an agent to enlist men, gave him excellent cautions: "Don't mention it to those waiting-men who receive presents of old coats, etc., from their masters, or they'll betray us; I will speak to them." When he did speak, if he did not convince them, he at least frightened them. But the chief reliance was on those slaves who were hired out, and therefore more uncontrolled, — and also upon the country negroes.

The same far-sighted policy directed the conspirators to disarm suspicion by peculiarly obedient and orderly conduct. And it shows the precaution with which the thing was carried on, that, although Peter Poyas was

proved to have had a list of some six hundred persons, yet not one of his particular company was ever brought to trial. As each leader kept to himself the names of his proselytes, and as Monday Gell was the only one of these leaders who turned traitor, any opinion as to the numbers actually engaged must be altogether conjectural. One witness said nine thousand; another, six thousand six hundred. These statements were probably extravagant, though not more so than Gov. Bennett's assertion, on the other side, that "all who were actually concerned had been brought to justice," — unless by this phrase he designates only the ringleaders. The avowed aim of the governor's letter, indeed, is to smooth the thing over, for the credit and safety of the city; and its evasive tone contrasts strongly with the more frank and thorough statements of the judges, made after the thing could no longer be hushed up. These high authorities explicitly acknowledge that they had failed to detect more than a small minority of those concerned in the project, and seem to admit,

that, if it had once been brought to a head, the slaves generally would have joined in.

"We cannot venture to say," says the intendant's pamphlet, "to how many the knowledge of the intended effort was communicated, who without signifying their assent, or attending any of the meetings, were yet prepared to profit by events. That there are many who would not have permitted the enterprise to have failed at a critical moment, for the want of their co-operation, we have the best reason for believing." So believed the community at large; and the panic was in proportion, when the whole danger was finally made public. "The scenes I witnessed," says one who has since narrated the circumstances, "and the declaration of the impending danger that met us at all times and on all occasions, forced the conviction that never were an entire people more thoroughly alarmed than were the people of Charleston at that time. . . . During the excitement, and the trial of the supposed conspirators, rumor proclaimed all, and doubtless more than all, the horrors of the plot. The

city was to be fired in every quarter; the arsenal in the immediate vicinity was to be broken open, and the arms distributed to the insurgents, and a universal massacre of the white inhabitants to take place. Nor did there seem to be any doubt in the mind of the people, that such would actually have been the result had not the plot fortunately been detected before the time appointed for the outbreak. It was believed, as a matter of course, that every black in the city would join in the insurrection, and that if the original design had been attempted, and the city taken by surprise, the negroes would have achieved a complete and easy victory. Nor does it seem at all impossible that such might have been, or yet may be, the case, if any well-arranged and resolute rising should take place."

Indeed, this universal admission, that all the slaves were ready to take part in any desperate enterprise, was one of the most startling aspects of the affair. The authorities say that the two principal State's evidence declared that "they never spoke to any person of color on the

subject, or knew of any one who had been spoken to by the other leaders, who had withheld his assent." And the conspirators seem to have been perfectly satisfied that all the remaining slaves would enter their ranks upon the slightest success. "Let us assemble a sufficient number to commence the work with spirit, and we'll not want men; they'll fall in behind us fast enough." And as an illustration of this readiness, the official report mentions a slave who had belonged to one master for sixteen years, sustaining a high character for fidelity and affection, who had twice travelled with him through the Northern States, resisting every solicitation to escape, and who yet was very deeply concerned in the insurrection, though knowing it to involve the probable destruction of the whole family with whom he lived.

One singular circumstance followed the first rumors of the plot. Several white men, said to be of low and unprincipled character, at once began to make interest with the supposed leaders among the slaves, either from genuine

sympathy, or with the intention of betraying them for money, or by profiting by the insurrection, should it succeed. Four of these were brought to trial; but the official report expresses the opinion that many more might have been discovered but for the inadmissibility of slave testimony against whites. Indeed, the evidence against even these four was insufficient for a capital conviction, although one was overheard, through stratagem, by the intendant himself, and arrested on the spot. This man was a Scotchman, another a Spaniard, a third a German, and the fourth a Carolinian. The last had for thirty years kept a shop in the neighborhood of Charleston; he was proved to have asserted that "the negroes had as much right to fight for their liberty as the white people," had offered to head them in the enterprise, and had said that in three weeks he would have two thousand men. But in no case, it appears, did these men obtain the confidence of the slaves; and the whole plot was conceived and organized, so far as appears, without the slightest co-operation from any white man.

The trial of the conspirators began on Wednesday, June 19. At the request of the intendant, Justices Kennedy and Parker summoned five freeholders (Messrs. Drayton, Heyward, Pringle, Legaré, and Turnbull) to constitute a court, under the provisions of the Act "for the better ordering and governing negroes and other slaves." The intendant laid the case before them, with a list of prisoners and witnesses. By a vote of the court, all spectators were excluded, except the owners and counsel of the slaves concerned. No other colored person was allowed to enter the jail, and a strong guard of soldiers was kept always on duty around the building. Under these general arrangements the trials proceeded with elaborate formality, though with some variations from ordinary usage, — as was, indeed, required by the statute.

For instance, the law provided that the testimony of any Indian or slave could be received, without oath, against a slave or free colored person, although it was not valid, even under oath, against a white. But it is best to

quote the official language in respect to the rules adopted: "As the court had been organized under a statute of a peculiar and local character, and intended for the government of a distinct class of persons in the community, they were bound to conform their proceedings to its provisions, which depart in many essential features from the principles of the common law and some of the settled rules of evidence. The court, however, determined to adopt those rules, whenever they were not repugnant to nor expressly excepted by that statute, nor inconsistent with the local situation and policy of the State; and laid down for their own government the following regulations: First, that no slave should be tried except in the presence of his owner or his counsel, and that notice should be given in every case at least one day before the trial; second, that the testimony of one witness, unsupported by additional evidence or by circumstances, should lead to no conviction of a *capital* nature; third, that the witnesses should be confronted with the accused and with each other in every case, except where testimony

was given under a solemn pledge that the names of the witnesses should not be divulged, — as they declared, in some instances, that they apprehended being murdered by the blacks, if it was known that they had volunteered their evidence; fourth, that the prisoners might be represented by counsel, whenever this was requested by the owners of the slaves, or by the prisoners themselves if free; fifth, that the statements or defences of the accused should be heard in every case, and they be permitted themselves to examine any witness they thought proper."

It is singular to observe how entirely these rules seem to concede that a slave's life has no sort of value to himself, but only to his master. His master, not he himself, must choose whether it be worth while to employ counsel. His master, not his mother or his wife, must be present at the trial. So far is this carried, that the provision to exclude "persons who had no particular interest in the slaves accused" seems to have excluded every acknowledged relative they had in the world, and admitted only those

who had invested in them so many dollars. And yet the very first section of that part of the statute under which they were tried lays down an explicit recognition of their humanity: "And whereas natural justice forbids that any *person*, of what condition soever, should be condemned unheard." So thoroughly, in the whole report, are the ideas of person and chattel intermingled, that when Gov. Bennett petitions for mitigation of sentence in the case of his slave Batteau, and closes, "I ask this, gentlemen, as an individual incurring a severe and distressing loss," it is really impossible to decide whether the predominant emotion be affectional or financial.

It is a matter of painful necessity to acknowledge that the proceedings of most slave-tribunals have justified the honest admission of Gov. Adams of South Carolina, in his legislative message of 1855: "The administration of our laws, in relation to our colored population, by our courts of magistrates and freeholders, as these courts are at present constituted, calls loudly for reform. Their decisions are

rarely in conformity with justice or humanity." This trial, as reported by the justices themselves, seems to have been no worse than the average, — perhaps better. In all, thirty-five were sentenced to death, thirty-four to transportation, twenty-seven acquitted by the court, and twenty-five discharged without trial, by the Committee of Vigilance, — making in all one hundred and twenty-one.

The sentences pronounced by Judge Kennedy upon the leading rebels, while paying a high tribute to their previous character, of course bring all law and all Scripture to prove the magnitude of their crime. "It is a melancholy fact," he says, "that those servants in whom we reposed the most unlimited confidence have been the principal actors in this wicked scheme." Then he rises into earnest appeals. "Are you incapable of the heavenly influence of that gospel, all whose paths are peace? It was to reconcile us to our destiny on earth, and to enable us to discharge with fidelity all our duties, whether as master or servant, that those inspired precepts were imparted by Heaven to fallen man."

To these reasonings the prisoners had, of course, nothing to say; but the official reports bear the strongest testimony to their fortitude. "Rolla, when arraigned, affected not to understand the charge against him, and, when it was at his request further explained to him, assumed, with wonderful adroitness, astonishment and surprise. He was remarkable, throughout his trial, for great presence and composure of mind. When he was informed he was convicted, and was advised to prepare for death, though he had previously (but after his trial) confessed his guilt, he appeared perfectly confounded, but exhibited no signs of fear. In Ned's behavior there was nothing remarkable; but his countenance was stern and immovable, even whilst he was receiving the sentence of death: from his looks it was impossible to discover or conjecture what were his feelings. Not so with Peter: for in his countenance were strongly marked disappointed ambition, revenge, indignation, and an anxiety to know how far the discoveries had extended; and the same emotions were exhibited in his conduct. He did

not appear to fear personal consequences, for his whole behavior indicated the reverse; but exhibited an evident anxiety for the success of their plan, in which his whole soul was embarked. His countenance and behavior were the same when he received his sentence; and his only words were, on retiring, 'I suppose you'll let me see my wife and family before I die?' and that not in a supplicating tone. When he was asked, a day or two after, if it was possible he could wish to see his master and family murdered, who had treated him so kindly, he only replied to the question by a smile. Monday's behavior was not peculiar. When he was before the court, his arms were folded; he heard the testimony given against him, and received his sentence, with the utmost firmness and composure. But no description can accurately convey to others the impression which the trial, defence, and appearance of Gullah Jack made on those who witnessed the workings of his cunning and rude address. When arrested and brought before the court, in company with another African named Jack,

the property of the estate of Pritchard, he assumed so much ignorance, and looked and acted the fool so well, that some of the court could not believe that this was the necromancer who was sought after. This conduct he continued when on his trial, until he saw the witnesses and heard the testimony as it progressed against him; when, in an instant, his countenance was lighted up as if by lightning, and his wildness and vehemence of gesture, and the malignant glance with which he eyed the witnesses who appeared against him, all indicated the savage, who indeed had been *caught*, but not *tamed*. His courage, however, soon forsook him. When he received sentence of death, he earnestly implored that a fortnight longer might be allowed him, and then a week longer, which he continued earnestly to solicit until he was taken from the court-room to his cell; and when he was carried to execution, he gave up his spirit without firmness or composure."

Not so with Denmark Vesey. The plans of years were frustrated; his own life and liberty were thrown away; many others were sacri-

ficed through his leadership; and one more was added to the list of unsuccessful insurrections. All these disastrous certainties he faced calmly, and gave his whole mind composedly to the conducting of his defence. With his arms tightly folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor, he attentively followed every item of the testimony. He heard the witnesses examined by the court, and cross-examined by his own counsel; and it is evident from the narrative of the presiding judge, that he showed no small skill and policy in the searching cross-examination which he then applied. The fears, the feelings, the consciences, of those who had betrayed him, all were in turn appealed to; but the facts were quite overpowering, and it was too late to aid his comrades or himself. Then turning to the court, he skilfully availed himself of the point which had so much impressed the community: the intrinsic improbability that a man in his position of freedom and prosperity should sacrifice every thing to free other people. If they thought it so incredible, why not give him the benefit of the incredibility? The act

being, as they stated, one of infatuation, why convict him of it on the bare word of men who, by their own showing, had not only shared the infatuation, but proved traitors to it? An ingenious defence, — indeed, the only one which could by any possibility be suggested, anterior to the days of Choate and somnambulism; but in vain. He was sentenced; and it was not, apparently, till the judge reproached him for the destruction he had brought on his followers, that he showed any sign of emotion. Then the tears came into his eyes. But he said not another word.

The executions took place on five different days; and, bad as they were, they might have been worse. After the imaginary Negro Plot of New York, in 1741, thirteen negroes had been judicially burned alive; two had suffered the same sentence at Charleston in 1808; and it was undoubtedly some mark of progress, that in this case the gallows took the place of the flames. Six were hanged on July 2, upon Blake's lands, near Charleston, — Denmark Vesey, Peter Poyas, Jesse, Ned, Rolla, and

Batteau, — the last three being slaves of the governor himself. Gullah Jack and John were executed "on the Lines," near Charleston, on July 12; and twenty-two more on July 26. Four others suffered their fate on July 30; and one more, William Garner, effected a temporary escape, was captured, and tried by a different court, and was finally executed on Aug. 9.

The self-control of these men did not desert them at their execution. When the six leaders suffered death, the report says, Peter Poyas repeated his charge of secrecy: "Do not open your lips; die silent, as you shall see me do;" and all obeyed. And though afterwards, as the particulars of the plot became better known, there was less inducement to conceal, yet every one of the thirty-five seems to have met his fate bravely, except the conjurer. Gov. Bennett, in his letter, expresses much dissatisfaction at the small amount learned from the participators. "To the last hour of the existence of several who appeared to be conspicuous actors in the drama, they were pressingly im-

portuned to make further confessions," — this "importuning" being more clearly defined in a letter of Mr. Ferguson, owner of two of the slaves, as "having them severely corrected." Yet so little was obtained, that the governor was compelled to admit at last that the really essential features of the plot were not known to any of the informers.

It is to be remembered, that the plot failed because a man unauthorized and incompetent, William Paul, undertook to make enlistments on his own account. He happened on one of precisely that class of men, — favored house-servants, — whom his leaders had expressly reserved for more skilful manipulations. He being thus detected, one would have supposed that the discovery of many accomplices would at once have followed. The number enlisted was counted by thousands; yet for twenty-nine days after the first treachery, and during twenty days of official examination, only fifteen of the conspirators were ferreted out. Meanwhile the informers' names had to be concealed with the utmost secrecy; they were in peril of

their lives from the slaves, — William Paul scarcely dared to go beyond the doorstep, — and the names of important witnesses examined in June were still suppressed in the official report published in October. That a conspiracy on so large a scale should have existed in embryo during four years, and in an active form for several months, and yet have been so well managed, that, after actual betrayal, the authorities were again thrown off their guard, and the plot nearly brought to a head again, — this certainly shows extraordinary ability in the leaders, and a talent for concerted action on the part of slaves generally, with which they have hardly been credited.

And it is also to be noted, that the range of the conspiracy extended far beyond Charleston. It was proved that Frank, slave of Mr. Ferguson, living nearly forty miles from the city, had boasted of having enlisted four plantations in his immediate neighborhood. It was in evidence that the insurgents "were trying all round the country, from Georgetown and Santee round about to Combahee, to get people;"

and, after the trials, it was satisfactorily established that Vesey "had been in the country as far north as South Santee, and southwardly as far as the Euhaws, which is between seventy and eighty miles from the city." Mr. Ferguson himself testified that the good order of any gang was no evidence of their ignorance of the plot, since the behavior of his own initiated slaves had been unexceptionable, in accordance with Vesey's directions.

With such an organization and such materials, there was nothing in the plan which could be pronounced incredible or impracticable. There is no reason why they should not have taken the city. After all the governor's entreaties as to moderate language, the authorities were obliged to admit that South Carolina had been saved from a "horrible catastrophe." "For, although success could not possibly have attended the conspirators, yet, before their suppression, Charleston would probably have been wrapped in flames, many valuable lives would have been sacrificed, and an immense loss of property sustained by the

citizens, even though no other distressing occurrences were experienced by them; while the plantations in the lower country would have been disorganized, and the agricultural interests have sustained an enormous loss." The Northern journals had already expressed still greater anxieties. "It appears," said the New-York *Commercial Advertiser*, "that, but for the timely disclosure, the whole of that State would in a few days have witnessed the horrid spectacle once witnessed in St. Domingo."

My friend, David Lee Child, has kindly communicated to me a few memoranda of a conversation held long since with a free colored man who had worked in Vesey's shop during the time of the insurrection; and these generally confirm the official narratives. "I was a young man then," he said; "and, owing to the policy of preventing communication between free colored people and slaves, I had little opportunity of ascertaining how the slaves felt about it. I know that several of them were abused in the street, and some put in prison, for appearing in sackcloth. There was an ordi-

nance of the city, that any slave who wore a badge of mourning should be imprisoned and flogged. They generally got the law, which is thirty-nine lashes; but sometimes it was according to the decision of the court." "I heard, at the time, of arms being buried in coffins at Sullivan's Island." "In the time of the insurrection, the slaves were tried in a small room in the jail where they were confined. No colored person was allowed to go within two squares of the prison. Those two squares were filled with troops, five thousand of whom were on duty day and night. I was told, Vesey said to those that tried him, that the work of insurrection would go on; but as none but white persons were permitted to be present, I cannot tell whether he said it."

During all this time there was naturally a silence in the Charleston journals, which strongly contrasts with the extreme publicity at last given to the testimony. Even the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington, passed lightly over the affair, and deprecated the publication of particulars. The Northern editors,

on the other hand, eager for items, were constantly complaining of this reserve, and calling for further intelligence. "The Charleston papers," said the Hartford *Courant* of July 16, "have been silent on the subject of the insurrection; but letters from this city state that it has created much alarm, and that two brigades of troops were under arms for some time to suppress any risings that might have taken place." "You will doubtless hear," wrote a Charleston correspondent of the same paper, just before, "many reports, and some exaggerated ones." "There was certainly a disposition to revolt, and some preparations made, principally by the plantation negroes, to take the city." "We hoped they would progress so far as to enable us to ascertain and punish the ringleaders." "Assure my friends that we feel in perfect security, although the number of nightly guards, and other demonstrations, may induce a belief among strangers to the contrary."

The strangers would have been very blind strangers, if they had not been more influenced

by the actions of the Charleston citizens than by their words. The original information was given on May 25, 1822. The time passed, and the plot failed on June 16. A plan for its revival on July 2 proved abortive. Yet a letter from Charleston, in the Hartford *Courant* of Aug. 6, represented the panic as unabated: "Great preparations are making, and all the military are put in preparation to guard against any attempt of the same kind again; but we have no apprehension of its being repeated." On Aug. 10, Gov. Bennett wrote the letter already mentioned, which was printed and distributed as a circular, its object being to deprecate undue alarm. "Every individual in the State is interested, whether in regard to his own property, or the reputation of the State, in giving no more importance to the transaction than it justly merits." Yet, five days after this, — two months after the first danger had passed, — a re-enforcement of United-States troops arrived at Fort Moultrie; and, during the same month, several different attempts were made by small parties of armed negroes to cap-

ture the mails between Charleston and Savannah, and a reward of two hundred dollars was offered for their detection.

The first official report of the trials was prepared by the intendant, by request of the city council. It passed through four editions in a few months, — the first and fourth being published in Charleston, and the second and third in Boston. Being, however, but a brief pamphlet, it did not satisfy the public curiosity; and in October of the same year (1822), a larger volume appeared at Charleston, edited by the magistrates who presided at the trials, — Lionel H. Kennedy and Thomas Parker. It contains the evidence in full, and a separate narrative of the whole affair, more candid and lucid than any other which I have found in the newspapers or pamphlets of the day. It exhibits that rarest of all qualities in a slave-community, a willingness to look facts in the face. This narrative has been faithfully followed, with the aid of such cross-lights as could be secured from many other quarters, in preparing the present history.

The editor of the first official report racked

his brains to discover the special causes of the revolt, and never trusted himself to allude to the general one. The negroes rebelled because they were deluded by Congressional eloquence; or because they were excited by a church squabble; or because they had been spoilt by mistaken indulgences, such as being allowed to learn to read, — "a misguided benevolence," as he pronounces it. So the Baptist Convention seems to have thought it was because they were not Baptists; and an Episcopal pamphleteer, because they were not Episcopalians. It never seems to occur to any of these spectators, that these people rebelled simply because they were slaves, and wished to be free.

No doubt, there were enough special torches with which a man so skilful as Denmark Vesey could kindle up these dusky powder-magazines; but, after all, the permanent peril lay in the powder. So long as that existed, every thing was incendiary. Any torn scrap in the street might contain a Missouri-Compromise speech, or a report of the last battle in St. Domingo, or one of those able letters of Boyer's which

were winning the praise of all, or one of John Randolph's stirring speeches in England against the slave-trade. The very newspapers which reported the happy extinction of the insurrection by the hanging of the last conspirator, William Garner, reported also, with enthusiastic indignation, the massacre of the Greeks at Constantinople and at Scio; and then the Northern editors, breaking from their usual reticence, pointed out the inconsistency of Southern journals in printing, side by side, denunciations of Mohammedan slave-sales, and advertisements of those of Christians.

Of course the insurrection threw the whole slavery question open to the public. "We are sorry to see," said the *National Intelligencer* of Aug. 31, "that a discussion of the hateful Missouri question is likely to be revived, in consequence of the allusions to its supposed effect in producing the late servile insurrection in South Carolina." A member of the Board of Public Works of South Carolina published in the Baltimore *American Farmer* an essay urging the encouragement of white laborers,

and hinting at the ultimate abolition of slavery "if it should ever be thought desirable." More boldly still, a pamphlet appeared in Charleston, under the signature of "Achates," arguing with remarkable sagacity and force against the whole system of slave-labor *in towns;* and proposing that all slaves in Charleston should be sold or transferred to the plantations, and their places supplied by white labor. It is interesting to find many of the facts and arguments of Helper's "Impending Crisis" anticipated in this courageous tract, written under the pressure of a crisis which had just been so narrowly evaded. The author is described in the preface as "a soldier and patriot of the Revolution, whose name, did we feel ourselves at liberty to use it, would stamp a peculiar weight and value on his opinions." It was commonly attributed to Gen. Thomas Pinckney.

Another pamphlet of the period, also published in Charleston, recommended as a practical cure for insurrection the copious administration of Episcopal-Church services, and the prohibition of negroes from attending Fourth-of-July

celebrations. On this last point it is more consistent than most pro-slavery arguments. "The celebration of the Fourth of July belongs *exclusively* to the white population of the United States. The American Revolution was *a family quarrel among equals*. In this the negroes had no concern; their condition remained, and must remain, unchanged. They have no more to do with the celebration of that day than with the landing of the Pilgrims on the rock at Plymouth. It therefore seems to me improper to allow these people to be present on these occasions. In our speeches and orations, much, and sometimes more than is politically necessary, is said about personal liberty, which negro auditors know not how to apply except by running the parallel with their own condition. They therefore imbibe false notions of their own personal rights, and give reality in their minds to what has no real existence. The peculiar state of our community must be steadily kept in view. This, I am gratified to learn, will in some measure be promoted by the institution of the South Carolina Association."

On the other hand, more stringent laws became obviously necessary to keep down the advancing intelligence of the Charleston slaves. Dangerous knowledge must be excluded from without and from within. For the first purpose the South Carolina Legislature passed, in December, 1822, the Act for the imprisonment of Northern colored seamen, which afterwards produced so much excitement. For the second object, the Grand Jury, about the same time, presented as a grievance "the number of schools which are kept within the city by persons of color," and proposed their prohibition. This was the encouragement given to the intellectual progress of the slaves; while, as a reward for betraying them, Pensil, the free colored man who advised with Devany, received a present of one thousand dollars; and Devany himself had what was rightly judged to be the higher gift of freedom, and was established in business, with liberal means, as a drayman. He lived long in Charleston, thriving greatly in his vocation, and, according to the newspapers, enjoyed the privilege of being the only man

of property in the State whom a special statute exempted from taxation.

More than half a century has passed since the incidents of this true story closed. It has not vanished from the memories of South Carolinians, though the printed pages which once told it have gradually disappeared from sight. The intense avidity which at first grasped at every incident of the great insurrectionary plot was succeeded by a prolonged distaste for the memory of the tale; and the official reports which told what slaves had once planned and dared have now come to be among the rarest of American historical documents. In 1841, a friend of the writer, then visiting South Carolina, heard from her hostess, for the first time, the events which are recounted here. On asking to see the reports of the trials, she was cautiously told that the only copy in the house, after being carefully kept for years under lock and key, had been burnt at last, lest it should reach the dangerous eyes of the slaves. The same thing had happened, it was added, in many other families. This partially accounts for the

great difficulty now to be found in obtaining a single copy of either publication; and this is why, to the readers of American history, Denmark Vesey and Peter Poyas have commonly been but the shadows of names.

NAT TURNER'S INSURRECTION

DURING the year 1831, up to the 23d of August, the Virginia newspapers seem to have been absorbed in the momentous problems which then occupied the minds of intelligent American citizens: What Gen. Jackson should do with the scolds, and what with the disreputables? should South Carolina be allowed to nullify? and would the wives of cabinet ministers call on Mrs. Eaton? It is an unfailing opiate to turn over the drowsy files of the Richmond *Enquirer*, until the moment when those dry and dusty pages are suddenly kindled into flame by the torch of Nat Turner. Then the terror flared on increasing, until the remotest Southern States were found shuddering at nightly rumors of insurrection; until far-off European colonies — Antigua, Martinique, Caraccas, Tortola — recognized by some secret

sympathy the same epidemic alarms; until the very boldest words of freedom were reported as uttered in the Virginia House of Delegates with unclosed doors; until an obscure young man named Garrison was indicted at common law in North Carolina, and had a price set upon his head by the Legislature of Georgia.

Near the south-eastern border of Virginia, in Southampton County, there is a neighborhood known as "The Cross Keys." It lies fifteen miles from Jerusalem, the county-town, or "court-house," seventy miles from Norfolk, and about as far from Richmond. It is some ten or fifteen miles from Murfreesborough in North Carolina, and about twenty-five from the Great Dismal Swamp. Up to Sunday, the 21st of August, 1831, there was nothing to distinguish it from any other rural, lethargic, slipshod Virginia neighborhood, with the due allotment of mansion-houses and log huts, tobacco-fields and "old-fields," horses, dogs, negroes, "poor white folks," so called, and other white folks, poor without being called so. One of these last was Joseph Travis, who had recently married the

widow of one Putnam Moore, and had unfortunately wedded to himself her negroes also.

In the woods on the plantation of Joseph Travis, upon the Sunday just named, six slaves met at noon for what is called in the Northern States a picnic, and in the Southern a barbecue. The bill of fare was to be simple: one brought a pig, and another some brandy, giving to the meeting an aspect so cheaply convivial that no one would have imagined it to be the final consummation of a conspiracy which had been for six months in preparation. In this plot four of the men had been already initiated, — Henry, Hark or Hercules, Nelson, and Sam. Two others were novices, Will and Jack by name. The party had remained together from twelve to three o'clock, when a seventh man joined them, — a short, stout, powerfully built person, of dark mulatto complexion, and strongly marked African features, but with a face full of expression and resolution. This was Nat Turner.

He was at this time nearly thirty-one years old, having been born on the 2d of October,

1800. He had belonged originally to Benjamin Turner, — from whom he took his last name, slaves having usually no patronymic; — had then been transferred to Putnam Moore, and then to his present owner. He had, by his own account, felt himself singled out from childhood for some great work; and he had some peculiar marks on his person, which, joined to his mental precocity, were enough to occasion, among his youthful companions, a superstitious faith in his gifts and destiny. He had some mechanical ingenuity also; experimentalized very early in making paper, gunpowder, pottery, and in other arts, which, in later life, he was found thoroughly to understand. His moral faculties appeared strong, so that white witnesses admitted that he had never been known to swear an oath, to drink a drop of spirits, or to commit a theft. And, in general, so marked were his early peculiarities that people said "he had too much sense to be raised; and, if he was, he would never be of any use as a slave." This impression of personal destiny grew with his growth: he fasted,

prayed, preached, read the Bible, heard voices when he walked behind his plough, and communicated his revelations to the awe-struck slaves. They told him, in return, that, "if they had his sense, they would not serve any master in the world."

The biographies of slaves can hardly be individualized; they belong to the class. We know bare facts; it is only the general experience of human beings in like condition which can clothe them with life. The outlines are certain, the details are inferential. Thus, for instance, we know that Nat Turner's young wife was a slave; we know that she belonged to a different master from himself; we know little more than this, but this is much. For this is equivalent to saying, that, by day or by night, her husband had no more power to protect her than the man who lies bound upon a plundered vessel's deck has power to protect his wife on board the pirate schooner disappearing in the horizon. She may be well treated, she may be outraged; it is in the powerlessness that the agony lies. There is, indeed, one thing more which we do

know of this young woman: the Virginia newspapers state that she was tortured under the lash, after her husband's execution, to make her produce his papers: this is all.

What his private experiences and special privileges or wrongs may have been, it is therefore now impossible to say. Travis was declared to be "more humane and fatherly to his slaves than any man in the county;" but it is astonishing how often this phenomenon occurs in the contemporary annals of slave insurrections. The chairman of the county court also stated, in pronouncing sentence, that Nat Turner had spoken of his master as "only too indulgent;" but this, for some reason, does not appear in his printed Confession, which only says, "He was a kind master, and placed the greatest confidence in me." It is very possible that it may have been so, but the printed accounts of Nat Turner's person look suspicious: he is described in Gov. Floyd's proclamation as having a scar on one of his temples, also one on the back of his neck, and a large knot on one of the bones of his right arm,

produced by a blow; and although these were explained away in Virginia newspapers as having been produced by fights with his companions, yet such affrays are entirely foreign to the admitted habits of the man. It must therefore remain an open question, whether the scars and the knot were produced by black hands or by white.

Whatever Nat Turner's experiences of slavery might have been, it is certain that his plans were not suddenly adopted, but that he had brooded over them for years. To this day there are traditions among the Virginia slaves of the keen devices of "Prophet Nat." If he was caught with lime and lampblack in hand, conning over a half-finished county-map on the barn-door, he was always "planning what to do if he were blind;" or, "studying how to get to Mr. Francis's house." When he had called a meeting of slaves, and some poor whites came eavesdropping, the poor whites at once became the subjects for discussion: he incidentally mentioned that the masters had been heard threatening to drive them away; one slave had

been ordered to shoot Mr. Jones's pigs, another to tear down Mr. Johnson's fences. The poor whites, Johnson and Jones, ran home to see to their homesteads, and were better friends than ever to Prophet Nat.

He never was a Baptist preacher, though such vocation has often been attributed to him. The impression arose from his having immersed himself, during one of his periods of special enthusiasm, together with a poor white man named Brantley. "About this time," he says in his Confession, "I told these things to a white man, on whom it had a wonderful effect; and he ceased from his wickedness, and was attacked immediately with a cutaneous eruption, and the blood oozed from the pores of his skin, and after praying and fasting nine days he was healed. And the Spirit appeared to me again, and said, as the Saviour had been baptized, so should we be also; and when the white people would not let us be baptized by the church, we went down into the water together, in the sight of many who reviled us, and were baptized by the Spirit. After this I rejoiced greatly, and gave thanks to God."

The religious hallucinations narrated in his Confession seem to have been as genuine as the average of such things, and are very well expressed. The account reads quite like Jacob Behmen. He saw white spirits and black spirits contending in the skies; the sun was darkened, the thunder rolled. "And the Holy Ghost was with me, and said, 'Behold me as I stand in the heavens!' And I looked, and saw the forms of men in different attitudes. And there were lights in the sky, to which the children of darkness gave other names than what they really were; for they were the lights of the Saviour's hands, stretched forth from east to west, even as they were extended on the cross on Calvary, for the redemption of sinners." He saw drops of blood on the corn: this was Christ's blood, shed for man. He saw on the leaves in the woods letters and numbers and figures of men, — the same symbols which he had seen in the skies. On May 12, 1828, the Holy Spirit appeared to him, and proclaimed that the yoke of Jesus must fall on him, and he must fight against the serpent when the sign appeared.

Then came an eclipse of the sun in February, 1831: this was the sign; then he must arise and prepare himself, and slay his enemies with their own weapons; then also the seal was removed from his lips, and then he confided his plans to four associates.

When he came, therefore, to the barbecue on the appointed Sunday, and found not these four only, but two others, his first question to the intruders was, how they came thither. To this Will answered manfully, that his life was worth no more than the others, and "his liberty was as dear to him." This admitted him to confidence; and as Jack was known to be entirely under Hark's influence, the strangers were no bar to their discussion. Eleven hours they remained there, in anxious consultation: one can imagine those dusky faces, beneath the funereal woods, and amid the flickering of pine-knot torches, preparing that stern revenge whose shuddering echoes should ring through the land so long. Two things were at last decided: to begin their work that night; and to begin it with a massacre so swift and irre-

sistible as to create in a few days more terror than many battles, and so spare the need of future bloodshed. "It was agreed that we should commence at home on that night, and, until we had armed and equipped ourselves and gained sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared: which was invariably adhered to."

John Brown invaded Virginia with nineteen men, and with the avowed resolution to take no life but in self-defence. Nat Turner attacked Virginia from within, with six men, and with the determination to spare no life until his power was established. John Brown intended to pass rapidly through Virginia, and then retreat to the mountains. Nat Turner intended to "conquer Southampton County as the white men did in the Revolution, and then retreat, if necessary, to the Dismal Swamp." Each plan was deliberately matured; each was in its way practicable; but each was defeated by a single false step, as will soon appear.

We must pass over the details of horror, as they occurred during the next twenty-four

hours. Swift and stealthy as Indians, the black men passed from house to house, — not pausing, not hesitating, as their terrible work went on. In one thing they were humaner than Indians, or than white men fighting against Indians: there was no gratuitous outrage beyond the death-blow itself, no insult, no mutilation; but in every house they entered, that blow fell on man, woman, and child, — nothing that had a white skin was spared. From every house they took arms and ammunition, and from a few money. On every plantation they found recruits: those dusky slaves, so obsequious to their master the day before, so prompt to sing and dance before his Northern visitors, were all swift to transform themselves into fiends of retribution now; show them sword or musket, and they grasped it, though it were an heirloom from Washington himself. The troop increased from house to house, — first to fifteen, then to forty, then to sixty. Some were armed with muskets, some with axes, some with scythes some came on their masters' horses. As the numbers increased, they could be

divided, and the awful work was carried on more rapidly still. The plan then was for an advanced guard of horsemen to approach each house at a gallop, and surround it till the others came up. Meanwhile, what agonies of terror must have taken place within, shared alike by innocent and by guilty! what memories of wrongs inflicted on those dusky creatures, by some, — what innocent participation, by others, in the penance! The outbreak lasted for but forty-eight hours; but, during that period, fifty-five whites were slain, without the loss of a single slave.

One fear was needless, which to many a husband and father must have intensified the last struggle. These negroes had been systematically brutalized from childhood; they had been allowed no legalized or permanent marriage; they had beheld around them an habitual licentiousness, such as can scarcely exist except under slavery; some of them had seen their wives and sisters habitually polluted by the husbands and the brothers of these fair white women who were now absolutely in their power.

Yet I have looked through the Virginia newspapers of that time in vain for one charge of an indecent outrage on a woman against these triumphant and terrible slaves. Wherever they went, there went death, and that was all. It is reported by some of the contemporary newspapers, that a portion of this abstinence was the result of deliberate consultation among the insurrectionists; that some of them were resolved on taking the white women for wives, but were overruled by Nat Turner. If so, he is the only American slave-leader of whom we know certainly that he rose above the ordinary level of slave vengeance; and Mrs. Stowe's picture of Dred's purposes is then precisely typical of his: "Whom the Lord saith unto us, 'Smite,' them will we smite. We will not torment them with the scourge and fire, nor defile their women as they have done with ours. But we will slay them utterly, and consume them from off the face of the earth."

When the number of adherents had increased to fifty or sixty, Nat Turner judged it time to strike at the county-seat, Jerusalem. Thither

a few white fugitives had already fled, and couriers might thence be despatched for aid to Richmond and Petersburg, unless promptly intercepted. Besides, he could there find arms, ammunition, and money; though they had already obtained, it is dubiously reported, from eight hundred to one thousand dollars. On the way it was necessary to pass the plantation of Mr. Parker, three miles from Jerusalem. Some of the men wished to stop here and enlist some of their friends. Nat Turner objected, as the delay might prove dangerous; he yielded at last, and it proved fatal.

He remained at the gate with six or eight men; thirty or forty went to the house, half a mile distant. They remained too long, and he went alone to hasten them. During his absence a party of eighteen white men came up suddenly, dispersing the small guard left at the gate; and when the main body of slaves emerged from the house, they encountered, for the first time, their armed masters. The blacks halted; the whites advanced cautiously within a hundred yards, and fired a volley; on its being

returned, they broke into disorder, and hurriedly retreated, leaving some wounded on the ground. The retreating whites were pursued, and were saved only by falling in with another band of fresh men from Jerusalem, with whose aid they turned upon the slaves, who in their turn fell into confusion. Turner, Hark, and about twenty men on horseback retreated in some order; the rest were scattered. The leader still planned to reach Jerusalem by a private way, thus evading pursuit; but at last decided to stop for the night, in the hope of enlisting additional recruits.

During the night the number increased again to forty, and they encamped on Major Ridley's plantation. An alarm took place during the darkness, — whether real or imaginary, does not appear, — and the men became scattered again. Proceeding to make fresh enlistments with the daylight, they were resisted at Dr. Blunt's house, where his slaves, under his orders, fired upon them; and this, with a later attack from a party of white men near Capt. Harris's, so broke up the whole force that they never re-united.

The few who remained together agreed to separate for a few hours to see if any thing could be done to revive the insurrection, and meet again that evening at their original rendezvous. But they never reached it.

Gloomily came Nat Turner at nightfall into those gloomy woods where forty-eight hours before he had revealed the details of his terrible plot to his companions. At the outset all his plans had succeeded; every thing was as he predicted: the slaves had come readily at his call; the masters had proved perfectly defenceless. Had he not been persuaded to pause at Parker's plantation, he would have been master before now of the arms and ammunition at Jerusalem; and with these to aid, and the Dismal Swamp for a refuge, he might have sustained himself indefinitely against his pursuers.

Now the blood was shed, the risk was incurred, his friends were killed or captured, and all for what? Lasting memories of terror, to be sure, for his oppressors; but, on the other hand, hopeless failure for the insurrection, and certain death for him. What a watch he must

have kept that night! To that excited imagination, which had always seen spirits in the sky and blood-drops on the corn and hieroglyphic marks on the dry leaves, how full the lonely forest must have been of signs and solemn warnings! Alone with the fox's bark, the rabbit's rustle, and the screech-owl's scream, the self-appointed prophet brooded over his despair. Once creeping to the edge of the wood, he saw men stealthily approach on horseback. He fancied them some of his companions; but before he dared to whisper their ominous names, "Hark" or "Dred," — for the latter was the name, since famous, of one of his more recent recruits, — he saw them to be white men, and shrank back stealthily beneath his covert.

There he waited two days and two nights, — long enough to satisfy himself that no one would rejoin him, and that the insurrection had hopelessly failed. The determined, desperate spirits who had shared his plans were scattered forever, and longer delay would be destruction for him also. He found a spot which he judged safe, dug a hole under a pile of fence-rails in a

field, and lay there for six weeks, only leaving it for a few moments at midnight to obtain water from a neighboring spring. Food he had previously provided, without discovery, from a house near by.

Meanwhile an unbounded variety of rumors went flying through the State. The express which first reached the governor announced that the militia were retreating before the slaves. An express to Petersburg further fixed the number of militia at three hundred, and of blacks at eight hundred, and invented a convenient shower of rain to explain the dampened ardor of the whites. Later reports described the slaves as making three desperate attempts to cross the bridge over the Nottoway between Cross Keys and Jerusalem, and stated that the leader had been shot in the attempt. Other accounts put the number of negroes at three hundred, all well mounted and armed, with two or three white men as leaders. Their intention was supposed to be to reach the Dismal Swamp, and they must be hemmed in from that side.

Indeed, the most formidable weapon in the

hands of slave insurgents is always this blind panic they create, and the wild exaggerations which follow. The worst being possible, every one takes the worst for granted. Undoubtedly a dozen armed men could have stifled this insurrection, even after it had commenced operations; but it is the fatal weakness of a rural slaveholding community, that it can never furnish men promptly for such a purpose. "My first intention was," says one of the most intelligent newspaper narrators of the affair, "to have attacked them with thirty or forty men; but those who had families here were strongly opposed to it."

As usual, each man was pinioned to his own hearth-stone. As usual, aid had to be summoned from a distance; and, as usual, the United-States troops were the chief reliance. Col. House, commanding at Fort Monroe, sent at once three companies of artillery under Lieut.-Col. Worth, and embarked them on board the steamer "Hampton" for Suffolk. These were joined by detachments from the United-States ships "Warren" and "Natchez," the

whole amounting to nearly eight hundred men. Two volunteer companies went from Richmond, four from Petersburg, one from Norfolk, one from Portsmouth, and several from North Carolina. The militia of Norfolk, Nansemond, and Princess Anne Counties, and the United-States troops at Old Point Comfort, were ordered to scour the Dismal Swamp, where it was believed that two or three thousand fugitives were preparing to join the insurgents. It was even proposed to send two companies from New York and one from New London to the same point.

When these various forces reached Southampton County, they found all labor paralyzed and whole plantations abandoned. A letter from Jerusalem, dated Aug. 24, says, "The oldest inhabitant of our county has never experienced such a distressing time as we have had since Sunday night last. . . . Every house, room, and corner in this place is full of women and children, driven from home, who had to take the woods until they could get to this place." "For many miles around their track,"

says another "the county is deserted by women and children." Still another writes, "Jerusalem is full of women, most of them from the other side of the river, — about two hundred at Vix's." Then follow descriptions of the sufferings of these persons, many of whom had lain night after night in the woods. But the immediate danger was at an end, the short-lived insurrection was finished, and now the work of vengeance was to begin. In the frank phrase of a North-Carolina correspondent, "The massacre of the whites was over, and the white people had commenced the destruction of the negroes, which was continued after our men got there, from time to time, as they could fall in with them, all day yesterday." A postscript adds, that "passengers by the Fayetteville stage say, that, by the latest accounts, one hundred and twenty negroes had been killed," — this being little more than one day's work.

These murders were defended as Nat Turner defended his: a fearful blow must be struck. In shuddering at the horrors of the insurrection,

we have forgotten the far greater horrors of its suppression.

The newspapers of the day contain many indignant protests against the cruelties which took place. "It is with pain," says a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, Sept. 7, 1831, "that we speak of another feature of the Southampton Rebellion; for we have been most unwilling to have our sympathies for the sufferers diminished or affected by their misconduct. We allude to the slaughter of many blacks without trial and under circumstances of great barbarity. . . . We met with an individual of intelligence who told us that he himself had killed between ten and fifteen. . . . We [the Richmond troop] witnessed with surprise the sanguinary temper of the population, who evinced a strong disposition to inflict immediate death on every prisoner."

There is a remarkable official document from Gen. Eppes, the officer in command, to be found in the Richmond *Enquirer* for Sept. 6, 1831. It is an indignant denunciation of precisely these outrages; and though he refuses to give

details, he supplies their place by epithets: "revolting," — "inhuman and not to be justified," — "acts of barbarity and cruelty," — "acts of atrocity," — "this course of proceeding dignifies the rebel and the assassin with the sanctity of martyrdom." And he ends by threatening martial law upon all future transgressors. Such general orders are not issued except in rather extreme cases. And in the parallel columns of the newspaper the innocent editor prints equally indignant descriptions of Russian atrocities in Lithuania, where the Poles were engaged in active insurrection, amid profuse sympathy from Virginia.

The truth is, it was a Reign of Terror. Volunteer patrols rode in all directions, visiting plantations. "It was with the greatest difficulty," said Gen. Brodnax before the House of Delegates, "and at the hazard of personal popularity and esteem, that the coolest and most judicious among us could exert an influence sufficient to restrain an indiscriminate slaughter of the blacks who were suspected." A letter from the Rev. G. W. Powell declares,

"There are thousands of troops searching in every direction, and many negroes are killed every day: the exact number will never be ascertained." Petition after petition was subsequently presented to the Legislature, asking compensation for slaves thus assassinated without trial.

Men were tortured to death, burned, maimed, and subjected to nameless atrocities. The overseers were called on to point out any slaves whom they distrusted, and if any tried to escape they were shot down. Nay, worse than this. "A party of horsemen started from Richmond with the intention of killing every colored person they saw in Southampton County. They stopped opposite the cabin of a free colored man, who was hoeing in his little field. They called out, 'Is this Southampton County?' He replied, 'Yes, sir, you have just crossed the line, by yonder tree.' They shot him dead, and rode on." This is from the narrative of the editor of the Richmond *Whig*, who was then on duty in the militia, and protested manfully against these outrages. "Some of these

scenes," he adds, "are hardly inferior in barbarity to the atrocities of the insurgents."

These were the masters' stories. If even these conceded so much, it would be interesting to hear what the slaves had to report. I am indebted to my honored friend, Lydia Maria Child, for some vivid recollections of this terrible period, as noted down from the lips of an old colored woman, once well known in New York, Charity Bowery. "At the time of the old Prophet Nat," she said, "the colored folks was afraid to pray loud; for the whites threatened to punish 'em dreadfully, if the least noise was heard. The patrols was low drunken whites; and in Nat's time, if they heard any of the colored folks praying, or singing a hymn, they would fall upon 'em and abuse 'em, and sometimes kill 'em, afore master or missis could get to 'em. The brightest and best was killed in Nat's time. The whites always suspect such ones. They killed a great many at a place called Duplon. They killed Antonio, a slave of Mr. J. Stanley, whom they shot; then they pointed their guns at him, and told him to

confess about the insurrection. He told 'em he didn't know any thing about any insurrection. They shot several balls through him, quartered him, and put his head on a pole at the fork of the road leading to the court." (This is no exaggeration, if the Virginia newspapers may be taken as evidence.) "It was there but a short time. He had no trial. They never do. In Nat's time, the patrols would tie up the free colored people, flog 'em, and try to make 'em lie against one another, and often killed them before anybody could interfere. Mr. James Cole, high sheriff, said, if any of the patrols came on his plantation, he would lose his life in defence of his people. One day he heard a patroller boasting how many niggers he had killed. Mr. Cole said, 'If you don't pack up, as quick as God Almighty will let you, and get out of this town, and never be seen in it again, I'll put you where dogs won't bark at you.' He went off, and wasn't seen in them parts again."

These outrages were not limited to the colored population; but other instances occurred

which strikingly remind one of more recent times. An Englishman, named Robinson, was engaged in selling books at Petersburg. An alarm being given, one night, that five hundred blacks were marching towards the town, he stood guard, with others, on the bridge. After the panic had a little subsided, he happened to remark, that "the blacks, as men, were entitled to their freedom, and ought to be emancipated." This led to great excitement, and he was warned to leave town. He took passage in the stage, but the stage was intercepted. He then fled to a friend's house; the house was broken open, and he was dragged forth. The civil authorities, being applied to, refused to interfere. The mob stripped him, gave him a great number of lashes, and sent him on foot, naked, under a hot sun, to Richmond, whence he with difficulty found a passage to New York.

Of the capture or escape of most of that small band who met with Nat Turner in the woods upon the Travis plantation, little can now be known. All appear among the list of convicted, except Henry and Will. Gen. Moore,

who occasionally figures as second in command, in the newspaper narratives of that day, was probably the Hark or Hercules before mentioned; as no other of the confederates had belonged to Mrs. Travis, or would have been likely to bear her previous name of Moore. As usual, the newspapers state that most, if not all the slaves, were "the property of kind and indulgent masters."

The subordinate insurgents sought safety as they could. A free colored man, named Will Artist, shot himself in the woods, where his hat was found on a stake and his pistol lying by him; another was found drowned; others were traced to the Dismal Swamp; others returned to their homes, and tried to conceal their share in the insurrection, assuring their masters that they had been forced, against their will, to join, — the usual defence in such cases. The number shot down at random must, by all accounts, have amounted to many hundreds, but it is past all human registration now. The number who had a formal trial, such as it was, is officially stated at fifty-five; of these, seventeen were

convicted and hanged, twelve convicted and transported, twenty acquitted, and four free colored men sent on for further trial and finally acquitted. "Not one of those known to be concerned escaped." Of those executed, one only was a woman, "Lucy, slave of John T. Barrow."

There is one touching story, in connection with these terrible retaliations, which rests on good authority, that of the Rev. M. B. Cox, a Liberian missionary, then in Virginia. In the hunt which followed the massacre, a slaveholder went into the woods, accompanied by a faithful slave, who had been the means of saving his life during the insurrection. When they had reached a retired place in the forest, the man handed his gun to his master, informing him that he could not live a slave any longer, and requesting him either to free him or shoot him on the spot. The master took the gun, in some trepidation, levelled it at the faithful negro, and shot him through the heart. It is probable that this slaveholder was a Dr. Blunt, — his being the only plantation where the slaves were

reported as thus defending their masters. "If this be true," said the Richmond *Enquirer*, when it first narrated this instance of loyalty, "great will be the desert of these noble-minded Africans."

Meanwhile the panic of the whites continued; for, though all others might be disposed of, Nat Turner was still at large. We have positive evidence of the extent of the alarm, although great efforts were afterwards made to represent it as a trifling affair. A distinguished citizen of Virginia wrote, three months later, to the Hon. W. B. Seabrook of South Carolina, "From all that has come to my knowledge during and since that affair, I am convinced most fully that every black preacher in the country east of the Blue Ridge was in the secret." "There is much reason to believe," says the Governor's Message on Dec. 6, "that the spirit of insurrection was not confined to Southampton. Many convictions have taken place elsewhere, and some few in distant counties." The withdrawal of the United-States troops, after some ten days' service, was

a signal for fresh excitement; and an address, numerously signed, was presented to the United-States Government, imploring their continued stay. More than three weeks after the first alarm, the governor sent a supply of arms into Prince William, Fauquier, and Orange Counties. "From examinations which have taken place in other counties," says one of the best newspaper historians of the affair (in the Richmond *Enquirer* of Sept. 6), "I fear that the scheme embraced a wider sphere than I at first supposed." Nat Turner himself, intentionally or otherwise, increased the confusion by denying all knowledge of the North-Carolina outbreak, and declaring that he had communicated his plans to his four confederates within six months; while, on the other hand, a slave-girl, sixteen or seventeen years old, belonging to Solomon Parker, testified that she had heard the subject discussed for eighteen months, and that at a meeting held during the previous May some eight or ten had joined the plot.

It is astonishing to discover, by laborious comparison of newspaper files, how vast was

the immediate range of these insurrectionary alarms. Every Southern State seems to have borne its harvest of terror. On the eastern shore of Maryland, great alarm was at once manifested, especially in the neighborhood of Easton and Snowhill; and the houses of colored men were searched for arms even in Baltimore. In Delaware, there were similar rumors through Sussex and Dover Counties; there were arrests and executions; and in Somerset County great public meetings were held, to demand additional safeguards. On election-day in Seaford, Del., some young men, going out to hunt rabbits, discharged their guns in sport; the men being absent, all the women in the vicinity took to flight; the alarm spread like the "Ipswich Fright"; soon Seaford was thronged with armed men; and when the boys returned from hunting, they found cannon drawn out to receive them.

In North Carolina, Raleigh and Fayetteville were put under military defence, and women and children concealed themselves in the swamps for many days. The rebel organization

was supposed to include two thousand. Forty-six slaves were imprisoned in Union County, twenty-five in Sampson County, and twenty-three at least in Duplin County, some of whom were executed. The panic also extended into Wayne, New Hanover, and Lenoir Counties. Four men were shot without trial in Wilmington, — Nimrod, Abraham, Prince, and "Dan the Drayman," the latter a man of seventy, — and their heads placed on poles at the four corners of the town. Nearly two months afterwards the trials were still continuing; and at a still later day, the governor in his proclamation recommended the formation of companies of volunteers in every county.

In South Carolina, Gen. Hayne issued a proclamation "to prove the groundlessness of the existing alarms," — thus implying that serious alarms existed. In Macon, Ga., the whole population were roused from their beds at midnight by a report of a large force of armed negroes five miles off. In an hour, every woman and child was deposited in the largest building of the town, and a military force

hastily collected in front. The editor of the Macon *Messenger* excused the poor condition of his paper, a few days afterwards, by the absorption of his workmen in patrol duties, and describes "dismay and terror" as the condition of the people of "all ages and sexes." In Jones, Twiggs, and Monroe Counties, the same alarms were reported; and in one place "several slaves were tied to a tree, while a militia captain hacked at them with his sword."

In Alabama, at Columbus and Fort Mitchell, a rumor was spread of a joint conspiracy of Indians and negroes. At Claiborne the panic was still greater: the slaves were said to be thoroughly organized through that part of the State, and multitudes were imprisoned; the whole alarm being apparently founded on one stray copy of the Boston *Liberator*.

In Tennessee, the Shelbyville *Freeman* announced that an insurrectionary plot had just been discovered, barely in time for its defeat, through the treachery of a female slave. In Louisville, Ky., a similar organization was discovered or imagined, and arrests were made

in consequence. "The papers, from motives of policy, do not notice the disturbance," wrote one correspondent to the Portland *Courier*. "Pity us!" he added.

But the greatest bubble burst in Louisiana. Capt. Alexander, an English tourist, arriving in New Orleans at the beginning of September, found the whole city in tumult. Handbills had been issued, appealing to the slaves to rise against their masters, saying that all men were born equal, declaring that Hannibal was a black man, and that they also might have great leaders among them. Twelve hundred stand of weapons were said to have been found in a black man's house; five hundred citizens were under arms, and four companies of regulars were ordered to the city, whose barracks Alexander himself visited.

If such was the alarm in New Orleans, the story, of course, lost nothing by transmission to other slave States. A rumor reached Frankfort, Ky., that the slaves already had possession of the coast, both above and below New Orleans. But the most remarkable circum-

stance is, that all this seems to have been a mere revival of an old terror once before excited and exploded. The following paragraph had appeared in the Jacksonville, Ga., *Observer*, during the spring previous: —

"FEARFUL DISCOVERY. — We were favored, by yesterday's mail, with a letter from New Orleans, of May 1, in which we find that an important discovery had been made a few days previous in that city. The following is an extract: 'Four days ago, as some planters were digging under ground, they found a square room containing eleven thousand stand of arms and fifteen thousand cartridges, each of the cartridges containing a bullet.' It is said the negroes intended to rise as soon as the sickly season began, and obtain possession of the city by massacring the white population. The same letter states that the mayor had prohibited the opening of Sunday schools for the instruction of blacks, under a penalty of five hundred dollars for the first offence, and, for the second, death."

Such were the terrors that came back from nine other slave States, as the echo of the voice of Nat Turner. And when it is also known that the subject was at once taken up by the legislatures of other States, where there

was no public panic, as in Missouri and Tennessee; and when, finally, it is added that reports of insurrection had been arriving all that year from Rio Janeiro, Martinique, St. Jago, Antigua, Caraccas, and Tortola, — it is easy to see with what prolonged distress the accumulated terror must have weighed down upon Virginia during the two months that Nat Turner lay hid.

True, there were a thousand men in arms in Southampton County, to inspire security. But the blow had been struck by only seven men before; and unless there were an armed guard in every house, who could tell but any house might at any moment be the scene of new horrors? They might kill or imprison negroes by day, but could they resist their avengers by night? "The half cannot be told," wrote a lady from another part of Virginia, at this time, "of the distresses of the people. In Southampton County, the scene of the insurrection, the distress beggars description. A gentleman who has been there says that even here, where there has been great alarm, we have no idea

of the situation of those in that county. . . . I do not hesitate to believe that many negroes around us would join in a massacre as horrible as that which has taken place, if an opportunity should offer."

Meanwhile the cause of all this terror was made the object of desperate search. On Sept. 17 the governor offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his capture; and there were other rewards, swelling the amount to eleven hundred dollars, — but in vain. No one could track or trap him. On Sept. 30 a minute account of his capture appeared in the newspapers, but it was wholly false. On Oct. 7 there was another, and on Oct. 18 another; yet all without foundation. Worn out by confinement in his little cave, Nat Turner grew more adventurous, and began to move about stealthily by night, afraid to speak to any human being, but hoping to obtain some information that might aid his escape. Returning regularly to his retreat before daybreak, he might possibly have continued this mode of life until pursuit had ceased, had not a dog

succeeded where men had failed. The creature accidentally smelt out the provisions hid in the cave, and finally led thither his masters, two negroes, one of whom was named Nelson. On discovering the formidable fugitive, they fled precipitately, when he hastened to retreat in an opposite direction. This was on Oct. 15; and from this moment the neighborhood was all alive with excitement, and five or six hundred men undertook the pursuit.

It shows a more than Indian adroitness in Nat Turner to have escaped capture any longer. The cave, the arms, the provisions, were found; and, lying among them, the notched stick of this miserable Robinson Crusoe, marked with five weary weeks and six days. But the man was gone. For ten days more he concealed himself among the wheat-stacks on Mr. Francis's plantation, and during this time was reduced almost to despair. Once he decided to surrender himself, and walked by night within two miles of Jerusalem before his purpose failed him. Three times he tried to get out of that neighborhood, but in vain: travelling

by day was of course out of the question, and by night he found it impossible to elude the patrol. Again and again, therefore, he returned to his hiding-place; and, during his whole two months' liberty, never went five miles from the Cross Keys. On the 25th of October, he was at last discovered by Mr. Francis as he was emerging from a stack. A load of buckshot was instantly discharged at him, twelve of which passed through his hat as he fell to the ground. He escaped even then; but his pursuers were rapidly concentrating upon him, and it is perfectly astonishing that he could have eluded them for five days more.

On Sunday, Oct. 30, a man named Benjamin Phipps, going out for the first time on patrol duty, was passing at noon a clearing in the woods where a number of pine-trees had long since been felled. There was a motion among their boughs; he stopped to watch it; and through a gap in the branches he saw, emerging from a hole in the earth beneath, the face of Nat Turner. Aiming his gun instantly, Phipps called on him to surrender. The fugitive,

exhausted with watching and privation, entangled in the branches, armed only with a sword, had nothing to do but to yield, — sagaciously reflecting, also, as he afterwards explained, that the woods were full of armed men, and that he had better trust fortune for some later chance of escape, instead of desperately attempting it then. He was correct in the first impression, since there were fifty armed scouts within a circuit of two miles. His insurrection ended where it began; for this spot was only a mile and a half from the house of Joseph Travis.

Torn, emaciated, ragged, "a mere scarecrow," still wearing the hat perforated with buckshot, with his arms bound to his sides, he was driven before the levelled gun to the nearest house, that of a Mr. Edwards. He was confined there that night; but the news had spread so rapidly that within an hour after his arrival a hundred persons had collected, and the excitement became so intense "that it was with difficulty he could be conveyed alive to Jerusalem." The enthusiasm spread instantly through Virginia; M. Trezvant, the Jerusalem post-

master, sent notices of it far and near; and Gov. Floyd himself wrote a letter to the Richmond *Enquirer* to give official announcement of the momentous capture.

When Nat Turner was asked by Mr. T. R. Gray, the counsel assigned him, whether, although defeated, he still believed in his own Providential mission, he answered, as simply as one who came thirty years after him, "Was not Christ crucified?" In the same spirit, when arraigned before the court, "he answered, 'Not guilty,' saying to his counsel that he did not feel so." But apparently no argument was made in his favor by his counsel, nor were any witnesses called, — he being convicted on the testimony of Levi Waller, and upon his own confession, which was put in by Mr. Gray, and acknowledged by the prisoner before the six justices composing the court, as being "full, free, and voluntary." He was therefore placed in the paradoxical position of conviction by his own confession, under a plea of "Not guilty." The arrest took place on the 30th of October, 1831, the confession on the 1st of November, the trial

and conviction on the 5th, and the execution on the following Friday, the 11th of November, precisely at noon. He met his death with perfect composure, declined addressing the multitude assembled, and told the sheriff in a firm voice that he was ready. Another account says that he "betrayed no emotion, and even hurried the executioner in the performance of his duty." "Not a limb nor a muscle was observed to move. His body, after his death, was given over to the surgeons for dissection."

The confession of the captive was published under authority of Mr. Gray, in a pamphlet, at Baltimore. Fifty thousand copies of it are said to have been printed; and it was "embellished with an accurate likeness of the brigand, taken by Mr. John Crawley, portrait-painter, and lithographed by Endicott & Swett, at Baltimore." The newly established *Liberator* said of it, at the time, that it would "only serve to rouse up other leaders, and hasten other insurrections," and advised grand juries to indict Mr. Gray. I have never seen a copy of the original pamphlet; it is not easily to be

found in any of our public libraries; and I have heard of but one as still existing, although the Confession itself has been repeatedly reprinted. Another small pamphlet, containing the main features of the outbreak, was published at New York during the same year, and this is in my possession. But the greater part of the facts which I have given were gleaned from the contemporary newspapers.

Who now shall go back thirty years, and read the heart of this extraordinary man, who, by the admission of his captors, "never was known to swear an oath, or drink a drop of spirits;" who, on the same authority, "for natural intelligence and quickness of apprehension was surpassed by few men," "with a mind capable of attaining any thing;" who knew no book but his Bible, and that by heart; who devoted himself soul and body to the cause of his race, without a trace of personal hope or fear; who laid his plans so shrewdly that they came at last with less warning than any earthquake on the doomed community around; and who, when that time arrived,

took the life of man, woman, and child, without a throb of compunction, a word of exultation, or an act of superfluous outrage? Mrs. Stowe's "Dred" seems dim and melodramatic beside the actual Nat Turner, and De Quincey's "Avenger" is his only parallel in imaginative literature. Mr. Gray, his counsel, rises into a sort of bewildered enthusiasm with the prisoner before him. "I shall not attempt to describe the effect of his narrative, as told and commented on by himself, in the condemned-hole of the prison. The calm, deliberate composure with which he spoke of his late deeds and intentions, the expression of his fiend-like face when excited by enthusiasm, still bearing the stains of the blood of helpless innocence about him, clothed with rags and covered with chains, yet daring to raise his manacled hands to heaven, with a spirit soaring above the attributes of man, — I looked on him, and the blood curdled in my veins."

But, the more remarkable the personal character of Nat Turner, the greater the amazement felt that he should not have appreciated

the extreme felicity of his position as a slave. In all insurrections, the standing wonder seems to be that the slaves most trusted and best used should be most deeply involved. So in this case, as usual, men resorted to the most astonishing theories of the origin of the affair. One attributed it to Free-Masonry, and another to free whiskey, — liberty appearing dangerous, even in these forms. The poor whites charged it upon the free colored people, and urged their expulsion; forgetting that in North Carolina the plot was betrayed by one of this class, and that in Virginia there were but two engaged, both of whom had slave wives. The slaveholding clergymen traced it to want of knowledge of the Bible, forgetting that Nat Turner knew scarcely any thing else. On the other hand, "a distinguished citizen of Virginia" combined in one sweeping denunciation "Northern incendiaries, tracts, Sunday schools, religion, reading, and writing."

But whether the theories of its origin were wise or foolish, the insurrection made its mark; and the famous band of Virginia emancipa-

tionists, who all that winter made the House of Delegates ring with unavailing eloquence, — till the rise of slave-exportation to new cotton regions stopped their voices, — were but the unconscious mouthpieces of Nat Turner. In January, 1832, in reply to a member who had called the outbreak a "petty affair," the eloquent James McDowell thus described the impression it left behind: —

"Now, sir, I ask you, I ask gentlemen in conscience to say, was that a 'petty affair' which startled the feelings of your whole population; which threw a portion of it into alarm, a portion of it into panic; which wrung out from an affrighted people the thrilling cry, day after day, conveyed to your executive, '*We are in peril of our lives; send us an army for defence*'? Was that a 'petty affair' which drove families from their homes, — which assembled women and children in crowds, without shelter, at places of common refuge, in every condition of weakness and infirmity, under every suffering which want and terror could inflict, yet willing to endure all, willing

to meet death from famine, death from climate, death from hardships, preferring any thing rather than the horrors of meeting it from a domestic assassin? Was that a 'petty affair' which erected a peaceful and confiding portion of the State into a military camp; which outlawed from pity the unfortunate beings whose brothers had offended; which barred every door, penetrated every bosom with fear or suspicion; which so banished every sense of security from every man's dwelling, that, let but a hoof or horn break upon the silence of the night, and an aching throb would be driven to the heart, the husband would look to his weapon, and the mother would shudder and weep upon her cradle? Was it the fear of Nat Turner, and his deluded, drunken handful of followers, which produced such effects? Was it this that induced distant counties, where the very name of Southampton was strange, to arm and equip for a struggle? No, sir: it was the suspicion eternally attached to the slave himself, — the suspicion that a Nat Turner might be in every family; that the same bloody deed might

be acted over at any time and in any place; that the materials for it were spread through the land, and were always ready for a like explosion. Nothing but the force of this withering apprehension, — nothing but the paralyzing and deadening weight with which it falls upon and prostrates the heart of every man who has helpless dependants to protect, — nothing but this could have thrown a brave people into consternation, or could have made any portion of this powerful Commonwealth, for a single instant, to have quailed and trembled."

While these things were going on, the enthusiasm for the Polish Revolution was rising to its height. The nation was ringing with a peal of joy, on hearing that at Frankfort the Poles had killed fourteen thousand Russians. The *Southern Religious Telegraph* was publishing an impassioned address to Kosciuszko; standards were being consecrated for Poland in the larger cities; heroes like Skrzynecki, Czartoryski, Rozyski, Raminski, were choking the trump of Fame with their complicated

patronymics. These are all forgotten now; and this poor negro, who did not even possess a name, beyond one abrupt monosyllable, — for even the name of Turner was the master's property, — still lives, a memory of terror, and a symbol of wild retribution.

APPENDIX OF AUTHORITIES

I. OLD SALEM SEA-CAPTAINS

THE materials for this chapter were obtained chiefly from private sources, especially the manuscript autobiography of Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, for which I was indebted to his daughter, the late Mrs. Jared Sparks, and the reminiscences of Capt. Richard J. Cleveland, which I used in manuscript, but which have lately been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. I am also greatly indebted to the collections of the Essex Institute, and the East-India Marine Society at Salem, and to the various printed manuals and local histories relating to that city.

II. A REVOLUTIONARY CONGRESSMAN ON HORSEBACK

The manuscript diaries of the Hon. William Ellery, from which this paper is drawn, are now in process of publication by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in its *Magazine of History and Biography*, beginning October, 1887.

III. A NEW-ENGLAND VAGABOND

Since the first publication of this paper, I have heard of three or four other copies of the very rare book from which it was drawn, besides the copy in the Worcester (Mass.) Free Public Library. These copies are all in private hands, and I am not aware that any other public library contains it.

IV. THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA

1. Dallas, R. C. "The History of the Maroons, from their origin to the establishment of their chief tribe at Sierra Leone: including the expedition to Cuba, for the purpose of procuring Spanish chasseurs; and the state of the Island of Jamaica for the last ten years, with a succinct history of the island previous to that period." In two volumes. London, 1803. [8vo.]

2. Edwards, Bryan. "The History, Civil and Commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies. To which is added a general description of the Bahama Islands, by Daniel M'Kinnen, Esq." In four volumes. Philadelphia, 1806. [8vo.]

3. Edwards, Bryan. "Proceedings of the Governor and Associates of Jamaica in regard to the

Maroon Negroes, with an account of the Maroons." London, 1796. 8vo.

4. Edwards, Bryan. "Historical Survey of St. Domingo, with an account of the Maroon Negroes, a history of the war in the West Indies, 1793–94" [etc.]. London, 1801. 4to.

5. *Edinburgh Review*, ii. 376. [Review of Dallas and Edwards, by Henry Lord Brougham.]

Also Annual Register, Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, etc.

[There appeared in *Once a Week* (1865) a paper entitled "The Maroons of Jamaica," and reprinted in *Every Saturday* (i. 50, Jan. 31, 1866), in which Gov. Eyre is quoted as having said, in the London *Times*, "To the fidelity and loyalty of the Maroons it is due that the negroes did not commit greater devastation" in the recent insurrection; thus curiously repeating the encomium given by Lord Balcarres seventy years before.]

V. THE MAROONS OF SURINAM

1. "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition against the revolted negroes of Surinam, in Guiana, on the wild coast of South America, from the year 1772 to 1777 . . . by Capt. J. G. Stedman."

London. Printed for J. Johnson, St. Paul's Churchyard, and J. Edwards, Pall Mall. 1790. [2 vols. 4to.]

2. "Transatlantic Sketches, comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North and South America and the West Indies. With notes on negro slavery and Canadian emigration. By Capt. J. E. Alexander, 42 Royal Highlanders." London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington St., 1833. [2 vols. 8vo.]

Also Annual Register, etc.

[The best account of the present condition of the Maroons, or, as they are now called, bush-negroes, of Surinam, is to be found in a graphic narrative of a visit to Dutch Guiana, by W. G. Palgrave, in the *Fortnightly Review*, xxiv. 801; xxv. 194, 536. These papers are reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, cxxviii. 154, cxxix. 409. He estimates the present numbers of these people as approaching thirty thousand. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives the names of several publications relating to their peculiar dialect, popularly known as Negro-English, but including many Dutch words.]

VI. GABRIEL'S DEFEAT

The materials for the history of Gabriel's revolt are still very fragmentary, and must be sought in the contemporary newspapers. No continuous file of Southern newspapers for the year 1800 was to be found, when this narrative was written, in any Boston or New-York library, though the Harvard-College Library contained a few numbers of the Baltimore *Telegraphe* and the Norfolk *Epitome of the Times*. My chief reliance has therefore been the Southern correspondence of the Northern newspapers, with the copious extracts there given from Virginian journals. I am chiefly indebted to the Philadelphia *United-States Gazette*, the Boston *Independent Chronicle*, the Salem *Gazette* and *Register*, the New-York *Daily Advertiser*, and the Connecticut *Courant*. The best continuous narratives that I have found are in the *Courant* of Sept. 29, 1800, and the Salem *Gazette* of Oct. 7, 1800; but even these are very incomplete. Several important documents I have been unable to discover, — the official proclamation of the governor, the description of Gabriel's person, and the original confession of the slaves as given to Mr. Sheppard. The discovery of these would no doubt have enlarged, and very probably corrected, my narrative.

VII. DENMARK VESEY

1. "Negro Plot. An Account of the late intended insurrection among a portion of the blacks of the city of Charleston, S.C. Published by the Authority of the Corporation of Charleston." Second edition. Boston: printed and published by Joseph W. Ingraham. 1822. 8vo, pp. 50.

[A third edition was printed at Boston during the same year, a copy of which is in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The first and fourth editions, which were printed at Charleston, S.C., I have never seen.]

2. "An Official Report of the trials of sundry negroes, charged with an attempt to raise an insurrection in the State of South Carolina: preceded by an introduction and narrative; and in an appendix, a report of the trials of four white persons, on indictments for attempting to excite the slaves to insurrection. Prepared and published at the request of the court. By Lionel H. Kennedy and Thomas Parker, members of the Charleston bar, and the presiding magistrates of the court." Charleston: printed by James R. Schenck, 23 Broad St. 1822. 8vo, pp. 188 x 4.

3. "Reflections occasioned by the late disturbances in Charleston, by Achates." Charleston: printed and sold by A. E. Miller, No. 4 Broad St. 1822. 8vo, pp. 30.

4. "A Refutation of the Calumnies circulated against the Southern and Western States, respecting the institution and existence of slavery among them. To which is added a minute and particular account of the actual state and condition of their Negro Population, together with Historical Notices of all the Insurrections that have taken place since the settlement of the country. — Facts are stubborn things. — *Shakspeare.* By a South Carolinian." [Edwin C. Holland.] Charleston: printed by A. E. Miller, No. 4 Broad St. 1822. 8vo, pp. 86.

5. "Rev. Dr. Richard Furman's Exposition of the views of the Baptists relative to the colored population in the United States, in a communication to the Governor of South Carolina." Second edition. Charleston: printed by A. E. Miller, No. 4 Broad St. 1833. 8vo, pp. 16.

[The first edition appeared in 1823. It relates to a petition offered by a Baptist Convention for a day of thanksgiving and humiliation, in reference to the insurrection, and to a violent hurricane which had just occurred.]

6. "Practical Considerations, founded on the Scriptures, relative to the Slave Population of South Carolina. Respectfully dedicated to the South Carolina Association. By a South Carolinian." Charleston: printed and sold by A. E. Miller, No. 4 Broad St. 1823. 8vo, pp. 38.

7. [The letter of Gov. Bennett, dated Aug. 10, 1822, was evidently printed originally as a pamphlet or circular, though I have not been able to find it in that form. It may be found reprinted in the *Columbian Centinel* (Aug. 31, 1822), *Connecticut Courant* (Sept. 3), and Worcester *Spy* (Sept. 18). It is also printed in Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation* for September, 1822 (ii. 42), and reviewed in subsequent numbers (pp. 81, 131, 142).]

8. "The Liberty Bell, by Friends of Freedom. Boston: Anti-Slavery Bazaar. 1841. 12mo." [This contains an article on p. 158, entitled "Servile Insurrections," by Edmund Jackson, including brief personal reminiscences of the Charleston insurrection, during which he resided in that city.]

[Of the above-named pamphlets, all now rare, Nos. 1 and 2 are in my own possession. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, are in the Wendell Phillips collection of pamphlets in the Boston Public Library.]

VIII. NAT TURNER'S INSURRECTION

1. "The Confessions of Nat Turner, the leader of the late Insurrection in Southampton, Va., as fully and voluntarily made to Thomas R. Gray, in the prison where he was confined, and acknowledged by him to be such when read before the Court of Southampton, with the certificate under seal of the court convened at Jerusalem, Nov. 5, 1831, for this trial. Also an authentic account of the whole insurrection, with lists of the whites who were murdered, and of the negroes brought before the Court of Southampton, and there sentenced, etc." New York: printed and published by C. Brown, 211 Water Street, 1831.

[This pamphlet was reprinted in the *Anglo-African Magazine* (New York), December, 1859. Whether it is identical with the work said by the newspapers of the period to have been published at Baltimore, I have been unable to ascertain. But if, as was alleged, forty thousand copies of the Baltimore pamphlet were issued, it seems impossible that they should have become so scarce. The first reprint of the Confession, so far as I know, was a partial one in Abdy's "Journal in the United States." London. 1835. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. "Authentic and Impartial Narrative of the Tragical Scene which was witnessed in Southampton County (Va.), on Monday, the 22d of August last, when Fifty-five of its inhabitants (mostly women and children) were inhumanly massacred by the blacks! Communicated by those who were eye-witnesses of the bloody scene, and confirmed by the confessions of several of the Blacks, while under Sentence of Death." [By Samuel Warner, New York.] Printed for Warner & West. 1831. 12mo, pp. 36 [or more, copy incomplete. With a frontispiece]. Among the Wendell Phillips tracts in the Boston Public Library.

3. "Slave Insurrection in 1831, in Southampton County, Va., headed by Nat Turner. Also a conspiracy of slaves in Charleston, S.C., in 1822." New York: compiled and published by Henry Bibb, 9 Spruce St. 1849. 12mo, pp. 12.

[The contemporary newspaper narratives may be found largely quoted in the first volume of the *Liberator* (1831), and in Lundy's *Genius of Universal Emancipation* (September, 1831). The files of the Richmond *Enquirer* have also much information on the subject.]

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